The BOYS

Dear Becky

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2019

INTRODUCTION BY THE BOYS SHOWRUNNER ERIK KRIPKE

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The BOYS

Dear Becky

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DARICK ROBERTSON

So it was 2015.

A more innocent time, before Trump was a tumor on the inside of my asshole. I was just sitting down with Garth Ennis for dinner, playing it cool, trying not to let my inner fanboy spurt all over the bread basket. As Garth is my all-time favorite comic writer, it was a challenge, but I held my shit together. (And now I can say: I can't FUCKING BELIEVE I'm writing the intro to a Garth Ennis comic!!! If you only knew how much I obsessed over his books, how much Garth's writing inspired and influenced my work, and now I'm adapting his work for TV? And writing this in one of his books?? Well, you'd be spurting all over the bread basket too).

Back to 2015. I was hoping to make "The Boys" into a television series, and I think Garth wanted to feel me out a bit, to make sure I wouldn't completely fuck it up. He asked, "so, what do you think about 'The Boys?'" I responded without irony: "I think it's a sweet, tender story with lots of heart." He regarded me for a long, silent beat, as my Trump-free asshole clenched. Then he smiled. "I know," he said,"why doesn't anyone see that?"

Certainly, "The Boys" douses you with chunky, viscous buckets of shock and gore. "Dear Becky" is no exception. Hell, the first issue kicks off with our heroes mutilating a pre-adolescent child, drawn in loving detail by the brilliant Russ Braun. And this is only an appetizer of the raw meat meal to come - which includes perversity, murder, madness, and merciless Viking kneecapping.

But I think all that stuff is the blinking neon sign that gets asses in the seats. None of it would have the same horror and hilarity, if Garth's characters didn't have honest emotional underpinnings. It's the wholesome cake to all the intestine-strewn red frosting. In the original series for instance, look past Homelander gleefully fucking people to death, to see how sweet, tender and pure Frenchie and The Female's relationship is. If you ignore Hughie getting a face full of menstrual blood, you'd see how innocent, even old fashioned, Hughie and Annie's courtship is. The same holds true in "Dear Becky." Annie and Hughie are more mature now, sadder and wiser, and they've been together for quite awhile. Garth paints this in an unexpectedly scruffy, authentic way, capturing the quiet love, human complexity and utter exasperation in long-term relationships. And of course, we have Butcher and Becky. This story broke my heart. Not only do we understand Becky more than we ever have, we also deeply empathize with Butcher. We see new facets of his love for her of course, but also his self-awareness that his vengeance ultimately has nothing to do with Becky. She's just an excuse for the violence he wants to set loose on the world. It's always been inside him. She only put a stopper in the bottle for a while.

Look, I can tell you, from the perspective of someone who also writes a version of "The Boys," that shit is not easy. It's fucking hard. Seriously, it makes your head literally hurt. It's way, way easier thinking about exploding whales and ten foot prehensile penises (as two examples from the show's adjacent universe). But one of the qualities I most wanted to capture from the books was Garth's serious concern with character psychology as well as these lovely, fleeting moments of connection. In my opinion, that's the core message of both the books and the show. Life is an overwhelming bloody shitshow of corruption, greed, and violence. And it sure as hell doesn't get saved by the grand, sweeping gestures of superheroes or celebrities or politicians or tumor-in-my-asshole Trump. It's saved by a hundred tiny, boring acts per day. These small, uneventful, unnoticed moments of grace, as we all stumble and fuck up and try to take care of each other. Hughie and Annie, Frenchie and The Female, Butcher and Becky all finding each other, as Garth says.

See? It's a sweet story. Just covered in blood, semen, and bloody semen. And for me anyway, those are the best stories.

Eric Kripke
November 2020

Eric Kripke is the writer and producer of television shows "Supernatural" "Timeless" and "The Boys." He is painfully aware that Garth Ennis writes Butcher dialogue better than he does.

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ISSUE ONE | COVER BY DARICK ROBERTSON

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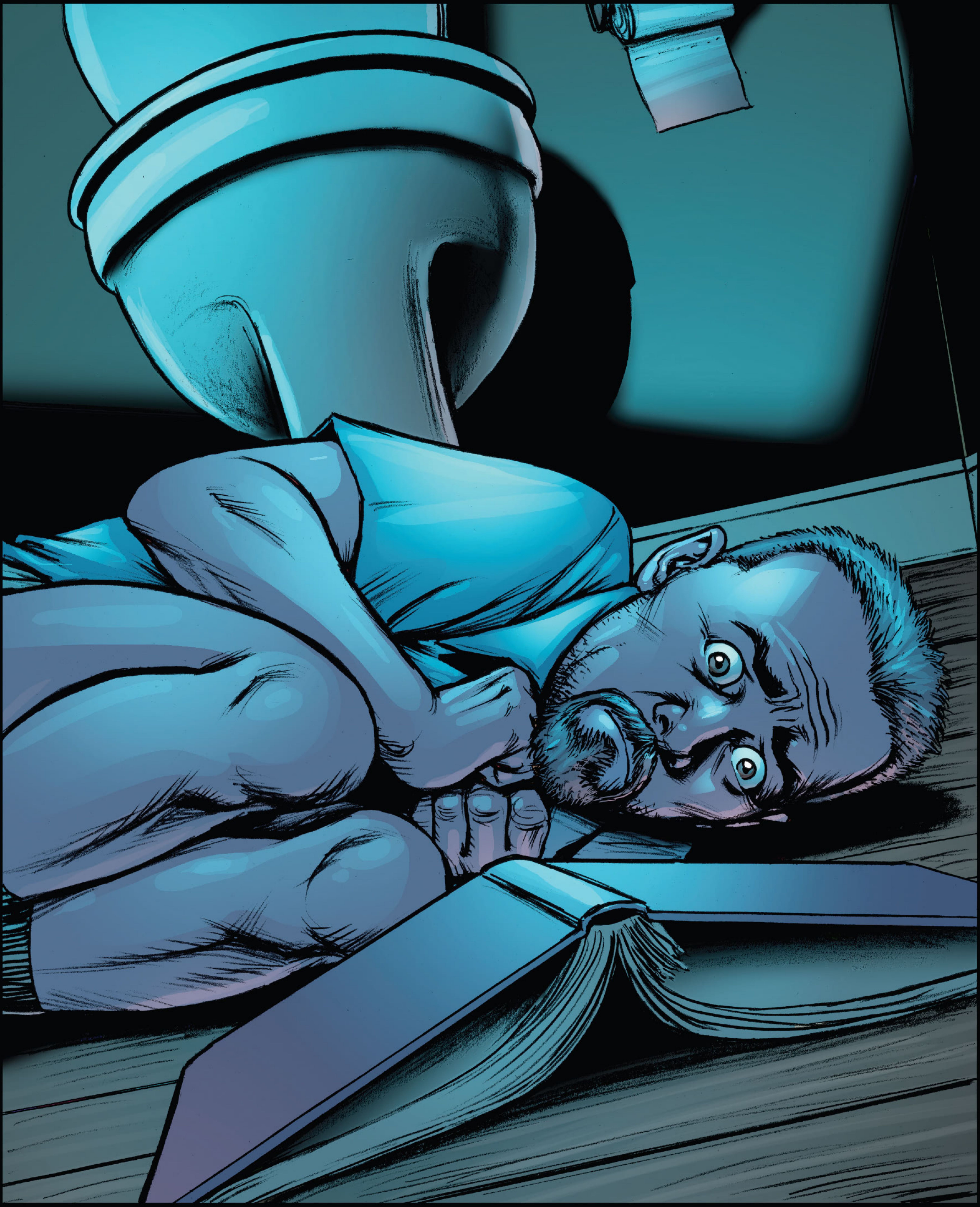


1: SATURDAY

FUCKIN' *WOKE...?*
A87
Auchterladle 1M
I'M NO' SAYIN I AM, I'M JUST SAYIN' IT'S A THING YE HEAR--
IT'S A LOADA SHITE IS WHAT IT IS...
McCLUCH'S
IT'S JUST WHITE FOLK INVENTIN' WAYS TO FEEL LIKE THEY'RE MAKIN' A DIFFERENCE--BEFORE THEY FUCK OFF TO THE SUBURBS AN' START SHITTIN' OUT KIDS, *AS USUAL...*
OH AYE?
AYE! I TELL YOU WHAT, BOBBI, LET'S YOU AN' ME TRY A WEE EXPERIMENT:
MM?
XXX
YOU PRETEND YOU'RE--
HANG ON.
WH--
DID YOU JUST DEAD-NAME ME, YE CUNT?

NO...
YE DID. YE CALLED ME BOBBY.
I CALLED YOU *BOBBI,* WITH AN *EYE...*
NO YE DIDNAE. YE SAID *BOBBY,* WITH A *WHY.*
I BLOODY WELL DID NOT...!
I SAID--OH, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!
YOU'RE A FUCKIN' ANNOYIN' BASTARD, D'YOU KNOW THAT?
I'LL TELL YE YER PROBLEM, HUGHIE: YE'VE GOT *CISGENDER BLIND SPOTS...*
AYE, WELL I'LL HAVE A WORD WI' THE DOCTOR AN' SEE IF HE CAN GIVE ME SOMETHIN' TO CLEAR THEM UP. 'NOTHER ONE?
AYE.
DINNAE FORGET YER WEE EXPERIMENT, NOW.
...I FUCKIN' *PRAY* EVERY NIGHT THAT YOU'LL GET CANCER O' THE COCK, D'YE KEN THAT?
SEEMS A WEE BIT EXTREME, BEEZER.
AN' THEN YE STICK IT UP YER TRANNY PAL'S ERSE AN' HE GETS IT TOO! I FUCKIN' WANK ABOOT IT!
YOU GIVE US A PACKET O' CHEESE AN' ONION AS WELL?
S
SWILLS BITTER
DOUCHE IPA
LAGER

ALL RIGHT, WE'LL CHANGE PLACES. YOU'RE GONNA BE A STRAIGHT WHITE MALE.
OH AYE?
AN' I'M GONNA BE TRANS, OR GAY, OR BLACK... OR A WOMAN, OR AN IMMIGRANT, MAYBE...
OR SOME COMBINATION O' SAME. RIGHT, GOT YE.
OKAY, YOU COMFY?
I AM INDEED, AYE.
AYE, YOU SHOULD BE. RIGHT, THEN, MISTER STRAIGHT WHITE MALE.
NOW THAT YOU'RE WOKE...NOW THAT YOU'VE EXAMINED YOUR PRIVILEGE FROM ALL SORTS OF INTERESTIN' NEW ANGLES...
(AND FOUND OUT ALL THE STUFF YOU SORTA KNEW ALL ALONG, REALLY.)
BUT NOW YOU'RE WOKE, IF YOU AN' I WERE UP FOR THE SAME JOB, WOULD YOU STEP ASIDE AN' LET ME HAVE IT?
IF OUR KIDS WERE UP FOR THE SAME PLACE IN A REALLY GOOD SCHOOL, WOULD YOU GET YOUR KID TO LET MINE HAVE IT?
REMEMBER, YOU'RE NO' YOU, NOW. WHAT D'YOU SAY?
I THINK I'D SAY...WELL, I THINK THE RIGHT ANSWER, IF I COULD GET IT OOT WI' A STRAIGHT FACE, IS SOMETHIN' ALONG THE LINES OF--I HADNAE THOUGHT O' THAT, OBVIOUSLY I NEED TO LISTEN AN' BE MINDFUL WHILE PEOPLE SHARE THEIR STORIES.
SEE YE!
AYE, OR SOME OTHER LOAD O' WANK. UH--SORRY, I CAN'T ANSWER JUST NOW, I'M BUSY DOIN' A TWEET ABOUT HOW THERE WERE NEVER ANY BLACK FOLK ON *FRIENDS.*
I'M JUST NO' DOIN' ANYTHING THAT ACTUALLY FUCKIN' COUNTS...

HEH.
YE KNOW, I'VE NEVER ASKED YE-- D'YE EVER THINK ABOOT HAVIN' KIDS?
EH--?
I MEAN I THINK IN MY CASE THE PROSPECTS ARE A WEE BIT UNLIKELY...
AYE, WELL. ANNIE CAN'T.
OH, SORRY, PAL--!
NAH, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT. SHE FOUND OUT FAIRLY EARLY ON, IT'S TO DO WI' SOME STUFF THAT HAPPENED WHEN SHE WAS YOUNGER.
BUT... EVEN BEYOND THAT...
I DUNNO, BOBBI, I NEVER REALLY THOUGHT MUCH ABOUT KIDS. I MEAN I'VE SEEN A FEW THINGS, I'VE... YOU MIGHT SAY I'VE SEEN THE WORLD AT ITS WORST.
AN' I DON'T SEE IT GETTIN' ANY BETTER, AN' I HONESTLY DON'T LIKE THE IDEA O' BRINGIN' SOME INNOCENT WEE CHILD INTO IT.
XXX HOOCH
WHAT ABOOT ANNIE?
MORE OR LESS THE SAME. SHE HAD A WEE BIT OF A ROUGH TIME OF IT AT ONE STAGE TOO.
AYE...WOULD THIS BE THE STUFF THE TWO O' YE NEVER, EVER TALK ABOOT? LIKE, SORTA, WHATEVER IT WAS YE WERE UP TO WHEN YE CAME BACK HERE BEFORE?
WHY, I DON'T KNOW, ROBERTA. PERHAPS THAT MIGHT INDEED BE THE CASE.
HA HA HA, *ROBERTA,* YE FUCKIN' CUNT--!

WELL, IF BOBBY'S SHORT FOR *ROBERT...*
AYE, RIGHT, FUCK OFF.
I KEN WHAT YE MEAN, BUT. I MEAN OBVIOUSLY I'M GLAD THERE WAS NO BLOODY SUPERHUMAN APOCALYPSE TEN OR SO YEARS AGO--
BOG
I'M GLAD THE YANKS MANAGED TO STOP THE BASTARDS IN FRONT O' THE PENTAGON.
BUT HONESTLY... IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE PERFECTLY CAPABLE O' FUCKIN' THE WORLD UP ALL BY OORSELVES.
WELL, IF WE ARE, WE'RE NO' GONNA FIX IT CLAWIN' EACH OTHERS' EYES OUT ON THE WAY UP THE MORAL HIGH GROUND...
OH, HUGHIE. YE DO NOT LIKE THE WOKERY-POKERY, DO YE?
HAVE WE NO' PRETTY MUCH ESTABLISHED THAT?
AYE, I KEN. I'M NO' EVEN SAYIN' I DISAGREE WI' YE ALL THAT MUCH, THERE'S AN AWFUL LOT OF IT IS JUST SELF-SERVIN' BOLLOCKS.
BUT...
I DUNNO, WEE MAN.
THERE'S TIMES I THINK YE'RE A WEE BIT HARD ON FOLK.

GOD FORGIVE ME, LOVE, I THINK
AAH--!

GOOD OLD BEEZER.
AYE.
ALTHOUGH...
HE DID ACTUALLY SAY HE'D DRAPED HIS BALLS OVER THE TOPS O' THE TINS. AN' HE HOPES WE BOTH GET THE CORONAVIRUS.
SPUD POTATO LAGER
SPUD
WHAT A CHARACTER.
I SOMETIMES WONDER IF HE WAS PART O' THAT THING DET WAS MIXED UP IN. I MEAN SMUGGLIN' AN' ALL, IT WAS HIS SORT O' TERRITORY.
MAYBE.
AH, FUCKIN' DET.
POOR WEE CUNT.
YE KNOW, WHAT I WAS SAYIN' THERE, ABOOT THE WAY THINGS'RE GOIN'. DO YE EVER THINK...
WELL, ONCE THE SUPER-SHITE'S OOT O' THE WAY, AN' LIFE GOES BACK TO-- OKAY, THE FUCKERS WERE HERE FOR SIXTY OR SEVENTY YEARS, AN' THEY'VE NO' COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED. BUT ONCE THEY'RE BASICALLY *GONE.*
ALL THE SHITE WE'VE GOT NOW, LIKE DICKHEAD IN THE WHITE HOOSE AN' FUCKIN' BREXIT, AN HALF THE BLOODY PLANET ON FIRE--
D'YE THINK THAT MIGHT JUST BE LIFE GOIN' BACK TO WHAT IT WOULD'VE BEEN ANYWAY?
SPUD

ALL THE SHITE YOU CAN'T FIGHT, YOU MEAN.
AYE!
THAT ALL THAT MULTICOLORED BOLLOCKS JUST SORT O' CAMOFLAGED.
AYE, EXACTLY!
I DUNNO.
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D EVER SAY ANYTHIN' LIKE THIS, BUT I'M GLAD MY MAW AN' PAW AREN'T AROUND TO SEE HOW THINGS'RE GOIN'. IT'D'VE BROKEN THEIR HEARTS.
IT FUCKIN' WELL BROKE MINE.
D'YE KEN WE HAD FOLK ROOND HERE VOTIN' LEAVE? EVEN THOUGH WE'RE IN SCOTLAND? ***HERE?***
"WE DINNAE LIKE IMMIGRANTS..."
WHAT FUCKIN' IMMIGRANTS, YE ***DOSS CUNTS***--?
GOOD LUCK LIVIN' IN THE ERSE END O' NOWHERE WI' NO E.U. FUNDIN', BOYS AN' GIRLS.
YOU'RE NO' GONNA LEAVE THAT THERE, ARE YOU?
WHAT, WILL IT SPOIL THE LOOK O' THE PLACE, WI' ALL THE BITS O' FLOATIN' PLASTIC AN' DEAD SEALS?

HHHH.
YE SEE IF YE DO EVER MARRY ANNIE?
DON'T START.
CAN I BE HER BRIDESMAID *AND* YER BEST MAN?
FUNNY THE FIRST THIRTY TIMES, BOBBI.
YE SAID YE'D COME BACK HERE TO GET MARRIED...
AYE. AN' THEN MY FOLKS' PLACE HAD TO BE SOLD. AN' THAT FELL THROUGH.
YE'RE TAKIN' A FUCK OF A LONG TIME TO GET IT BACK ON THE MARKET, WELL.
WELL SOMETIMES THAT'S WHAT *HAPPENS*...
I KEN YE'RE NO' GONNA TELL ME WHAT YE'VE BEEN UP TO FOR THE PAST TEN YEARS--
I SAID WE WERE SEEIN' THE FUCKIN' WORLD, DIDN'T I--?
AYE, BUT HOW DID YE PAY FOR IT?
I MEAN I'VE KENT YE A LONG TIME, HUGHIE, AN' AS FAR AS I CAN TELL YE'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO ORGANISE A PISS-UP IN A BREWERY...
AYE, WELL MAYBE YOU MIGHT BE SURPRISED, YOU FUCKIN' CHEEKY BASTARD!
I'VE A WEE PENSION ORGANISED FROM MY LAST JOB. LET'S JUST LEAVE IT AT THAT.

THIS THE JOB WHERE YE LEARNED TO DRINK A DOZEN PINTS AN' STILL STAY ON YER FEET, AYE?
OH, ANNIE'S AWAY TO BED.
"MYSTERY PARCEL FOR YOU ON THE TABLE..."
YE'RE NO' IN ANY RUSH, THEN. LAST ONE?
AYE, WHY NO'?
WHAT'LL WE DRINK TO?
HERE'S TO... JESUS, WHAT THE FUCK IS THERE TO DRINK TO, NOWADAYS?
AW, SHITE.
HERE'S TO...TO...
UH...
SPUD
HERE'S TO THE WORLD GETTIN' WORSE SLOWER THAN IT'S PROBABLY GOIN' TO.
SPUD
SPUD
HUGHIE, YE'RE NO' SECRETLY A SUPERHERO, ARE YE?
NO, BOBBI, I'M NO' A FUCKIN' SUPERHERO! ***JESUS CHRIST!***

HUGH CAMPBELL
c/o 7 WATKINS LANE
AUCTERLADLE
SCOTLAND
UK
?
HUGH CAMPBELL
c/o 7 WATKINS LANE
AUCTERLADLE
SCOTLAND
UK
DEAR BECKY,

I FEEL A BIT STRANGE WRITING TO YOU LIKE THIS. I FEEL EVEN STRANGER WRITING IN YOUR DIARY.
BECAUSE IT'S SOMETHING THAT BELONGED TO YOU. I NEVER EVEN KNEW YOU HAD IT, BUT IT WAS YOURS. WHEN I READ WHAT WAS IN IT I WENT COMPLETELY BLOODY SPARE, I NEVER BEEN MORE ANGRY IN MY LIFE.
BUT IT'S SOMETHING THAT WAS YOURS. AND EVEN TOUCHING IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE THE GROUND'S MOVING UNDER MY FEET, BECAUSE YOU'RE GONE.
I LOVED MY WIFE, HUGHIE.
BECKY, HER NAME WAS.
NAAAHH

HNK!
OF PEOPLE WOULD BE SURPRISED I CAN READ AND WRITE AT ALL. BUT YOU

OH, GOD...
OH, GOD...
WOULD NEVER HAVE SAID NOTHING LIKE THAT. YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE REALLY AND TRULY BELIEVED IN ME, GOD HELP YOU.
YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE IN THE WHOLE BLOODY WORLD I COULD TALK TO. I SUPPOSE YOU STILL ARE, BECAUSE THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I CAN THINK OF TO DO THIS.
BECAUSE I THINK MAYBE YOU'RE NOT GONE, LOVE.
I DON'T MEAN YOU'RE STANDING HERE LOOKING OVER MY SHOULDER OR NOTHING LIKE THAT.
I MEAN SOMETHING ELSE.
FUCKSAKE, FRENCHIE, HOLD HIM STEADY--!

DESOLE, M'SIEU CHARCUTER-- IL EST UN, HOW DO YOU SAY, SLIPPERY LITTLE SHIT...
HE'S FUCKIN' *TEN.*
RIGHT, YOU GOT HIM?
OFF YOU GO, LUV.
HNNHH!
THOUGHT THIS ONE WOULD HAVE GIVEN US MORE TROUBLE.
FEMALE'S JUST TOO FAST.
LOOK, YOU LITTLE CUNT, D'YOU WANT ME TO MAKE A BALLS OF THIS? MAKE IT WORSE THAN IT HAS TO BE?
STAY STILL...

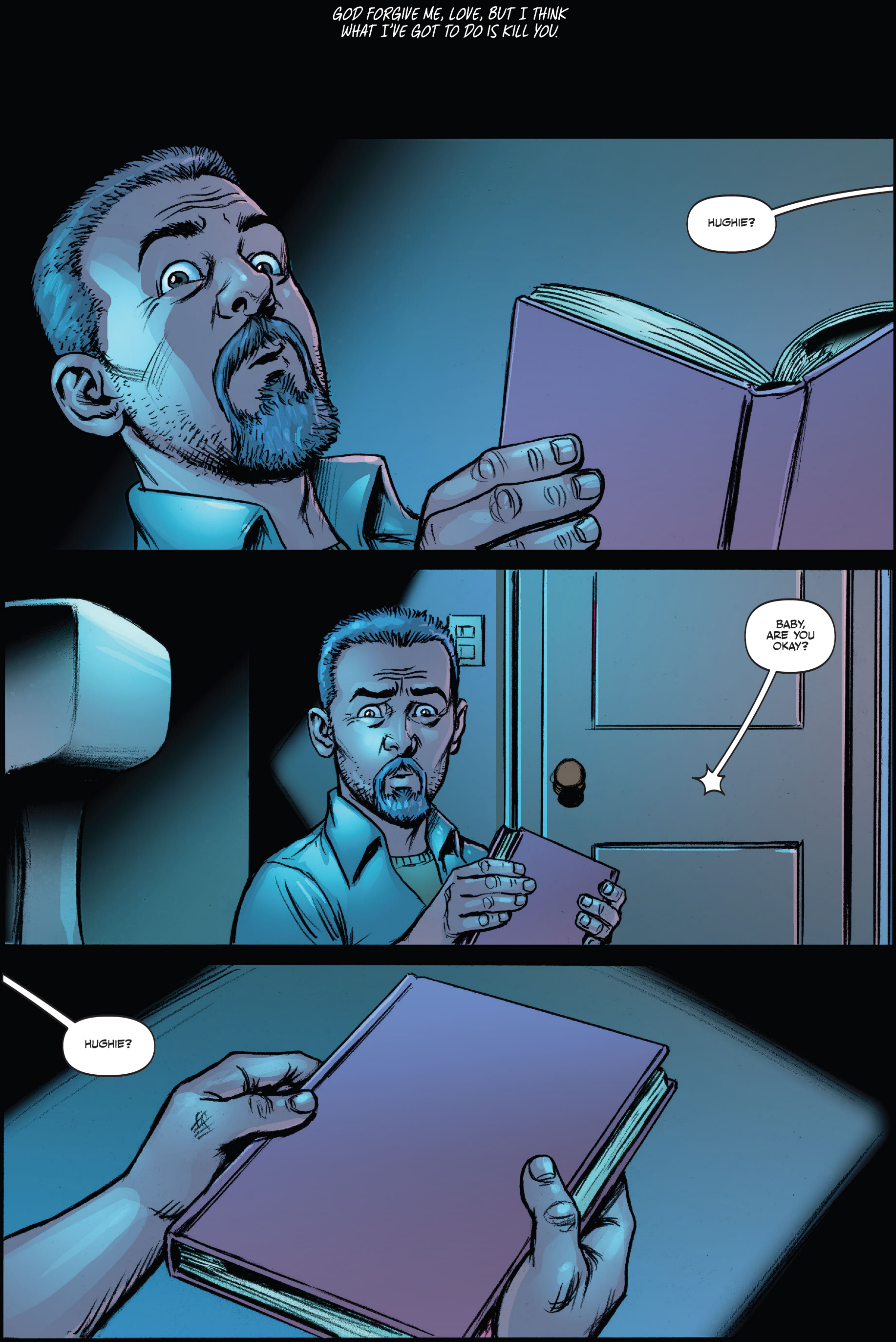
MIND YER FINGERS, LUV.
HEEEEEEEEEENN
RIGHT:
HNKK--!
THERE WE GO...
DOWN THE MIDDLE THERE...LOVELY JUBBLIE...
HNNHHHH!
SHE REALLY IS WORTH HER WEIGHT IN GOLD.
MM-HM.
HEARD THAT.
CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT IT WOULD HAVE LOOKED LIKE, IF ONE OF US HAD TO LURE HIM IN HERE?
SACRE BLEU! C'EST UN *GUSHER!*
HKKKK!
RESTROOM OUT OF ORDER
DO NOT ENTER
RESTROOM CLOSED FOR CLEANING

FUCKIN' HELL, DON'T TELL ME THERE'S NO SOAP...!
NEXT ONE.
AW, CHEERS, FRENCHIE...
WE OUGHT TO GET MOVING.
YEAH, YEAH, GIVE US A SECOND. I THINK I'D FEEL A BIT FUNNY, WALKIN' AROUND WITH A LITTLE KID'S CLARET UNDER ME FINGERNAILS.
HMH.
YOU ALMOST SOUND SQUEAMISH.
I AIN'T SAYIN' IT WEREN'T A GIGGLE. BUT HONESTLY, I THINK I PREFER THE TIME WE BROKE INTO THE JUSTICE MANSION AN' FRENCHIE STUCK ALL THEIR TOOTHBRUSHES UP HIS ARSE.

AH, OUI. "VOTRE MISSION... SI VOUS CHOOSE TO ACCEPT IT..."
THAT THEY'D SAY WAS JUVENILE. THIS THEY'LL DEFINITELY NOTICE.
YEAH, 'COS SOME CUNT IN A CAPE AN' TIGHTS IS GONNA CALL US JUVENILE...!
THYATHAM!
THYATHAM!
THYATHAM!
THYATHAM!
SO I'M STANDING THERE LOOKING AT HIM--OR IT, EVEN.
I'M WATCHING IT STAMP AND SPIT, JUST TRYING TO KILL US WITH HOW MUCH IT HATES US, AND I'M THINKING--YEAH, THIS IS THEM. THIS IS THEM DEEP DOWN INSIDE, THE BIT THEY NEVER SHOW JOE PUBLIC BUT ME AND THE BOYS KNOW ALL ABOUT.

THIS IS WHAT MAKES IT EASY FOR ME.
BUT NEXT THING I KNOW I'M THINKING OF SOMETHING ELSE.
THERE'S NO WAY I'M GOING TO SAY THIS TO MALLORY AND THEM, BUT NO MATTER WHAT HE DONE, NO MATTER THAT HE SAYS HIS STUPID BLOODY WORD AND GETS FIVE TIMES BIGGER AND STICKS HIS DICK AND HIS FINGERS IN PEOPLE DON'T WANT HIM TO, HE'S STILL JUST A TEN YEAR-OLD KID.
AND I KNOW WHY I'M THINKING THAT.

I HATE TALKING ABOUT SUPES AND ALL THIS BLOODY AWFUL SHIT TO YOU, BUT IF YOU'RE WITH ME THE WAY I THINK YOU ARE YOU SEE IT ANYWAY.
YOU'RE STILL THERE, BECKY.
ALL THE GOOD STUFF YOU DONE FOR ME AND GOT ME TO BELIEVE ABOUT MYSELF, THAT'S YOU. AND I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I FEEL LIKE YOU'RE GETTING STRONGER. YOU AREN'T GOING NOWHERE, NOT ANY TIME SOON.
BUT YOU SEE, I JUST CAN'T HAVE THAT. BECAUSE THE WAY THINGS ARE LOOKING WITH THE SUPES, THEY'RE GOING TO GET WORSE.
WHICH MEANS THE THINGS I'LL HAVE TO DO ARE GOING TO GET WORSE.


GOD FORGIVE ME, LOVE, BUT I THINK WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO IS KILL YOU.
HUGHIE?
BABY, ARE YOU OKAY?
HUGHIE?

ISSUE TWO | COVER BY DARICK ROBERTSON

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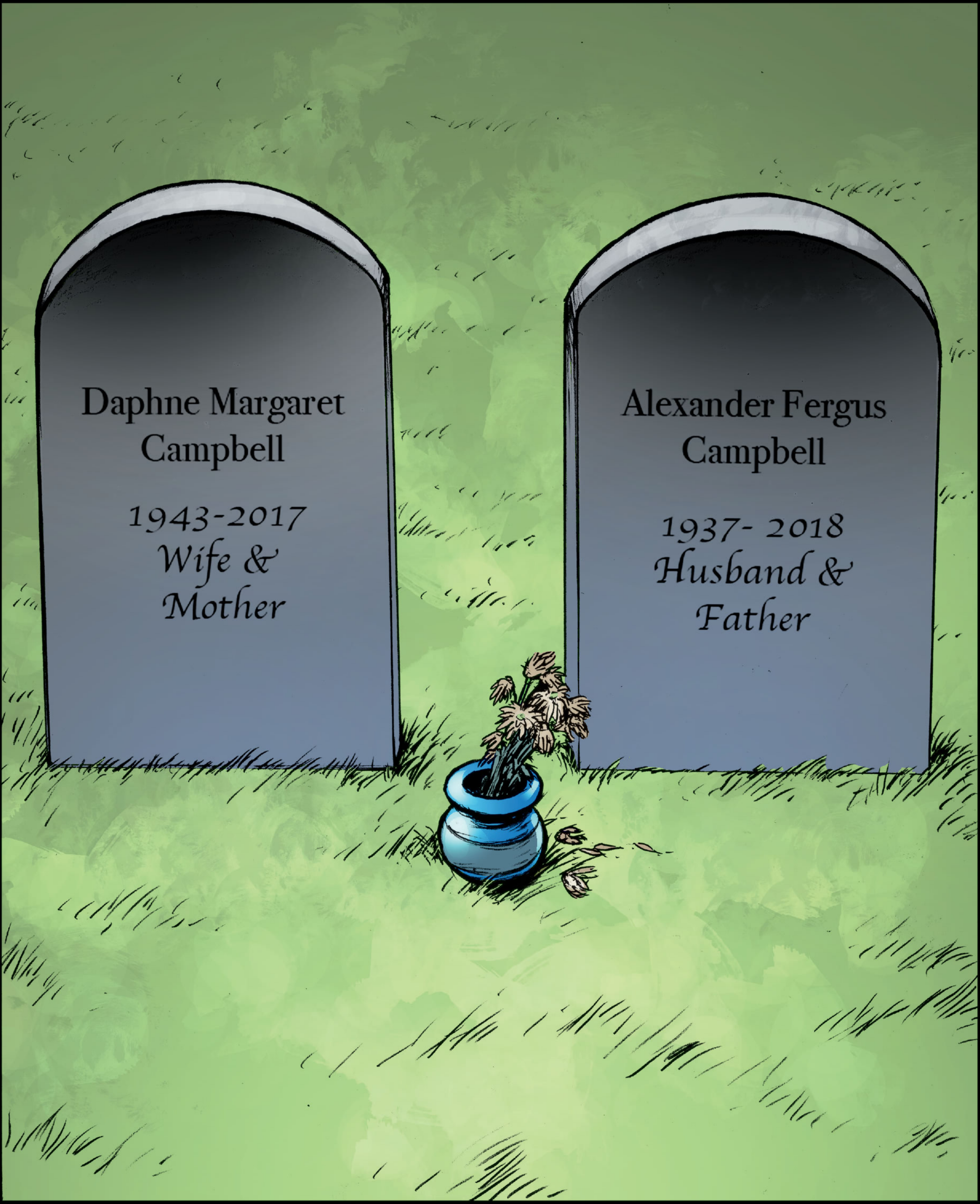

Daphne Margaret
Campbell
1943-2017
Wife &
Mother
Alexander Fergus
Campbell
1937- 2018
Husband &
Father

2: SUNDAY

HULLO, YOU TWO.
HERE WE ARE AGAIN, THEN. NO' MUCH NEW, I'M DOIN' OKAY.
IT'S A BRAW DAY; BE PERFECT FOR TAKIN' THE ROSEMAJELLA ROUND THE POINT.
NO' THE ROSEMAJELLA, YOU KEN WHAT I MEAN.
ANNIE ALWAYS LOVED THAT, PAW, YOU CALLIN' YER BOAT AFTER HER. I'M JUST SORRY SHE NEVER GOT THE CHANCE TO TELL YOU, BUT... WE WERE OFF...WE WERE ALL OVER THE PLACE.
AYE.
BUT WE'LL TAKE HER OUT THERE ONE O' THESE DAYS.
WE'LL...
OH, MAW, PAW. I'M SORRY.
I'M NO' DOIN' OKAY AT ALL.

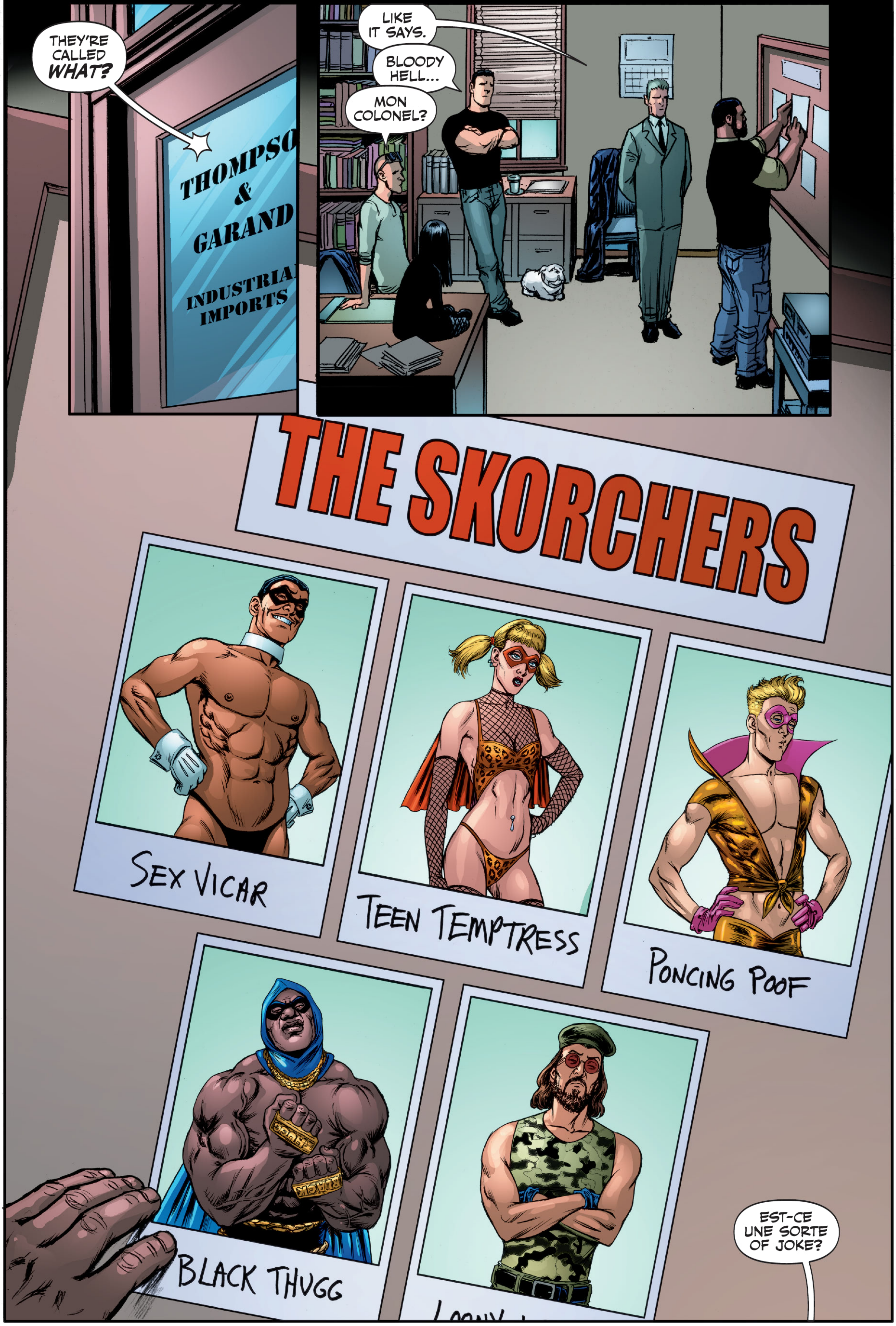
I'M SORRY. YOU WERE NEVER ANYTHIN' BUT GOOD TO ME, AN' ALL I DID WAS MAKE YOU WORRY.
AN' I ALWAYS KENT THAT, AN' I NEVER SAID SORRY TO YOU. I JUST CARRIED ON.
I KEN EXACTLY WHAT YOU'D SAY NOW, TOO:
Daphne Margaret Campbell 1943-2017 Wife & Mother
Alexander Fergus Campbell 1937- 2018 Husband & Father
"OCH, HUGHIE, DINNAE WORRY YERSEL' ABOOT ANY O' THAT AULD NONSENSE."
"SIT DOON AN' TELL US YER TROUBLES, SON."
"SURE AREN'T YE OOR WEE BOY?"
...AAAAANNND, THE WORST PART IS YOU ALWAYS SAID THAT, AN' I TOOK FULL ADVANTAGE. ONLY EVER THOUGHT O' MYSELF. SO, HERE WE GO.
I'VE BEEN THINKIN' ABOOT THE BAD OLD DAYS AGAIN.
Daphne Margaret Campbell 1943-2017 Wife & Mother
Alexander Fergus Campbell 1937- 2018 Husband & Father
"THE TIMES I COULD NEVER, EVER TELL YOU ABOUT.
"I WON'T SAY WHY--"

"BECAUSE IF I'M HONEST I DON'T KNOW, I MEAN I CAN'T EVEN BEGIN TO GUESS WHERE THIS HAS COME FROM.
"IT'S STUFF I THOUGHT WAS--NO' EXACTLY DEAD AN' BURIED, BUT PUT AWAY, ANYWAY. IN THE PAST. AN' THAT'S WHERE IT HAS BEEN, FOR GOIN' ON TWELVE YEARS NOW."
HUGH CAMPBELL C/O 7 WATKINS LANE AUCTERLADLE SCOTLAND
BUT... WHAT IT'S DONE...
IT'S BROUGHT UP SOMETHIN' I ALWAYS SORTA SUSPECTED ANYWAY, WHICH IS THE WHOLE THING LEFT ME MORE OF A MESS THAN I THOUGHT.
AN' IF THAT SOUNDS SO OBVIOUS IT'S DAFT, BELIEVE ME, EVEN HERE YOU'VE *NO IDEA* WHAT IT TOOK ME TO SAY IT OUT LOUD.
THE THING IS, EVERYTHING ELSE IS GREAT. WI' ME, ANYWAY, IF NO' THE REST O' THE WORLD. ANNIE'S JUST PURE DEAD BRILLIANT.
I KEEP FINDIN' EXCUSES NOT TO MARRY HER, AYE--BETWEEN YOU AN' ME--BUT SHE'S NO' PUSHY ABOUT IT. I THINK SHE MAYBE JUST LIKES COASTIN' ALONG THE SAME WAY I DO.
I MEAN IT'S ENOUGH THAT WE'RE TOGETHER, THAT'S NO' GONNA CHANGE--
AW, EXCEPT WE'RE *NO' SUPPOSED TO HAVE ANY SECRETS...!*

HOW AM I GONNA--
HUGHIE!
Daphne Margaret Campbell
1943-2017
Alexander Fergus Campbell
1937- 2018
DIDNAE SEE YE IN CHURCH, THIS MORNIN', SON!
AW, NO' THIS BAM AGAIN...
HOW DO YE EXPECT TO HEAR THE GOOD WORD?
EXCITIN' NEWS FOR ALL READERS INSIDE!
AYE, HELLO, REVEREND DANDY.
GET YER ERSE IN THERE! CLAIM YER FANTASTIC FREE GIFT!
TWO TERRIFIC TESTAMENTS JOIN FORCES, IN YER AMAZIN' CUT-OOT-AN'-KEEP BIBLE!
HOW'VE YOU BEEN, THEN?

AW, NO' SO BAD, HUGHIE. CANNAE COMPLAIN.
I SAW ANNIE IN McTAVISH'S THIS MORNIN', SHE SAID YE'D A DOSE O' THE SHITS?
SHE WHAT?
WELL, SHE SAID YE'D BEEN HAVIN' SOME STOMACH PROBLEMS-- BUT THAT'S YANKESE FOR THE SHITS, ISN'T IT?
AW CHRIST, AYE, I TOLD HER I'D...
BOLLOCKS.
THINKS! FEIGNED ENGAGEMENT ON SPURIOUS MATTERS! FACILE SMALL TALK!
HOW CAN THIS HEATHEN WRETCH RESIST THE PULL O' MY PRESBYTERIAN PITCH--
EH, READERS?!
ANYWAY, I WAS--
A FEAST O' FUN EVERY WEEK, HUGHIE! CRAZY CAPERS WITH AW' YER BIBLICAL BUDDIES!
AYE-- I WAS JUST HOPIN' TO GET A WEE--

THE BABY FACE PHARISEES! JUDAS THE DODGER! BARTHOLOMEW PLUM, YER SKINNED-ALIVE CHUM!
REVEREND DANDY...!
I REALLY JUST WANT A MOMENT TO MYSELF.
IF YOU KEN WHAT I MEAN.
...AYE, HUGHIE, O' COURSE. YOU TAKE ALL THE TIME YOU NEED, SON.
THANKS, REVEREND.
I'LL SEE YE LATER, AYE? TAKE CARE O' YERSEL'.
'CAUSE GOOD FOLK ARE SCARCE.
YER PAW USED TO SAY THAT AW' THE TIME.
Daphne Margaret Campbell 1943-2017
Alexander Ferg Campbell
...JESUS.


THEY'RE CALLED *WHAT?*
THOMPSON & GARAND INDUSTRIAL IMPORTS
LIKE IT SAYS.
BLOODY HELL...
MON COLONEL?
THE SKORCHERS
SEX VICAR
TEEN TEMPTRESS
PONCING POOF
BLACK THUGG
EST-CE UNE SORTE OF JOKE?

NOT AT ALL. AS A MATTER OF FACT, THEY'RE THE REASON YOU TWO WIRED THAT SUITE AT THE RITZ-CARLTON FOR SOUND LAST WEEK.
OUI...?
WE GOT WIND THEY'D BE STAYING THERE AFTER THEY FORMED UP.
BUT THESE NAMES, COLONEL MALLORY...THEY ARE...MOST UNUSUAL...
THAT THEY ARE.
SEX VICAR, WHOEVER HEARD OF SUCH A SUPE? EVEN THE SO-CALLED VILLAINS ARE MORE--MORE--
WHOLE-SOME?
OUI, EXACTEMENT. SO WHERE DO SUCH--
THEY'RE ALL OUTTA THE FUCKIN' TABLOIDS.
THE BRIT ONES.
GO ON.
YOU KNOW, THE PAPERS. YOUR SUPER SOARAWAY SUN. TITS ON PAGE THREE, I USED TO LOVE THAT.
MIND YOU, I WAS SIXTEEN AN' ME MAIN AMBITION AT THE TIME WAS STICKIN' BAYONETS IN PEOPLE...
IN THE FALKLANDS THEY WAS BEHIND US ALL THE WAY. 'COURSE, AFTER WE GOT HOME THEY COULDN'T GIVE TWO FUCKS ABOUT US.
AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHY THESE PEOPLE ARE SO SIGNIFICANT.
M.M.?

SKORCHERS ARE THE FIRST SUPE TEAM PROPOSED, FUNDED AN' LAUNCHED BY VOUGHT'S MEDIACORP DIVISION.
THE SKORCHERS
SEX VICAR
TEEN TEMPTRESS
PONCING POOF
BLACK THUGG
LOONY LEFTIE
NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE. EVERYTHING CAME FROM SUPERHUMAN DEVELOPMENT.
WHICH IS A PROBLEM, 'CAUSE THAT'S WHERE ALL OUR SOURCES BEEN UP 'TIL NOW.
BUT, THANKS TO FRENCHIE--
...I MEAN I'VE VOTED CONSERVATIVE ALL MY LIFE!
WELL HOW THE FUCK D'YOU THINK I FEEL? I'VE GOT A WIFE AND THREE KIDS AT HOME, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!
SEX VICAR
TEEN TEMPTRESS
PONCING POOF
LOOK, THE NINETIES ARE ALMOST OVER, WE'RE AT THE DAWN OF A COMPLETELY NEW MILLENNIUM--AND THAT'S GOING TO MEAN EXPERIMENTING WITH NEW--
WHAT'S THIS BLACK THUG SHIT SUPPOSED TO BE?
WELL--THERE ARE TWO GEES, AREN'T THERE? IT'S A SORT OF KNOWING WINK TO YOUR DEMOGRAPHIC...
HOW SO?
WELL, YOU PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT GEES--I'M A GEE, HE'S A GEE...YO...
AH, YOU WANT TO RUN THAT SHIT BY ME AGAIN?
NOW CALM DOWN--
'ERE! OO'S GONNA DO SUMMINK ABOUT MY TITS?
THUGG
BLACK
BLACK THUGG
LOONY LEFTIE

OH, GOD, PUT THEM AWAY--!
OH JESUS!
YOU SAID YOU WAS GONNA FIX 'EM! YOU SAID YOU'D SEE TO IT! LOOK AT 'EM!
I WILL, I WILL, PLEASE JUST-- PLEASE--!
THAT OTHER FUCKIN' WANKER, 'E SAID ONE OPERATION AN' I'D'VE CLEAVAGE TO DIE FOR! I FUCKIN' FELT LIKE DYIN' WHEN I WOKE UP AN' SAW THESE, I'LL TELL YOU THAT FOR NOTHIN'!
CAN WE JUST STICK TO THE POINT...?
YOU'RE AN EXPERIMENTAL CONCEPT, QUITE UNPRECEDENTED. SUPERVILLAINS...WELL, NO, ANTIHEROES, INSPIRED BY CERTAIN IDENTIFIABLE SOCIETAL ELEMENTS. AND I THINK YOU ALL KNOW HOW THIS WORKS.
YOU'LL BE INTRODUCED INTO THE MAINSTREAM, YOU'LL BE BORN OF SOME CROSSOVER EVENT OR OTHER. YOU'LL BE AMBIGUOUS, EDGY, THE KIND OF CHARACTERS PEOPLE CAN'T MAKE UP THEIR MINDS ABOUT.
SOON THERE'LL BE ANOTHER EVENT. AND YOU'LL SEE THE ERROR OF YOUR WAYS. YOU'LL BE ACCEPTED BY THE OTHERS.
YOU'LL COME BACK AS HEROES, PROCEED AS SUCH FROM THAT DAY FORTH. SUBTLE CHANGES IN COSTUME, OUTLOOK, NAMES... ORIENTATION...
OH, THANK FUCKING CHRIST--!
YOU MIGHT HAVE THE OCCASIONAL RELAPSE, BUT ONLY THE NEWSWORTHY KIND. AND YOU'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER THE GOOD INSIDE YOURSELVES, EVENTUALLY.
AND--LET ME JUST LEAVE THIS HERE FOR YOU TO CHEW ON--ONCE YOU'RE ESTABLISHED, YOU NEVER KNOW WHERE YOU'LL END UP.
THE MAVERIKZ, OR PAYBACK... OR...
THE SEV-ENNN...

YOU CAN PROBABLY GUESS THEIR ANSWER.
RIGHT, WELL, IT'S NOT LIKE WE AIN'T BEEN HERE BEFORE, IS IT?
I MEAN WHAT MAKES THIS MOB SO DIFFERENT FROM ALL THE OTHER MUPPETS WE RUN ACROSS UP TO NOW...?
SKORCHERS
THE OTHER VOICE ON THE TAPE.
TEEN TEMPT
JULIAN BAXTER-PUGH.
CURRENTLY HEADING UP MEDIACORP. CAME OVER FROM WARNER FOR THREE TIMES WHAT THESE PARASITES USUALLY GET.
THAT HE WOULD ATTEMPT TO INTRODUCE SUCH OBVIOUSLY TACKY PERSONALITIES IS INTERESTING, BUT IN AND OF ITSELF NO MORE THAN A GIMMICK.
THAT HE HAS BEEN GIVEN THE OPPORTUNITY TO TRY--RUNNING A DIVISION THAT HAS NEVER *ONCE* BEEN ALLOWED NEAR SUPERHUMANS, A MERE SIX MONTHS AFTER HE WAS HIRED--IS HOWEVER OF MAJOR SIGNIFICANCE.
HAVING STUDIED THE FULL TRANSCRIPTS OF THE TAPES TO DATE, AND HAVING CONSIDERED OTHER DATA, I BELIEVE--AND M.M. AGREES WITH ME--THAT WE'RE SEEING EVIDENCE OF A POSSIBLY CATASTROPHIC RIFT INSIDE THE VOUGHT-AMERICAN CORPORATION.
THEREFORE WE WOULD BE FOOLS NOT TO EXPLOIT IT.
QUESTIONS?

...FALLEN IN BATTLE. AND SO WE BID HER FAREWELL, AS SHE BEGINS HER LAST JOURNEY ACROSS THE RAINBOW BRIDGE.
NORSKA, THOU WERT MY COMRADE--THEN MY LOVER--THEN MY WIFE.
FAREWELL, SHIELD-MAIDEN! I SHALL SEE THEE IN VALHALLA'S HALLS!
SORRY
SO SORRY
A TRAGEDY, REALLY
MIGHTY WARRIOR
SO I BETTER GET GOING, THAT LOT OUTSIDE PROBABLY WANT US TO SIGN THE FUCKING ORDER OF SERVICE...
I SAY THEE NAY, LAMPLIGHTER. FOR VIKOR WILL ALWAYS FIND TIME FOR THE FANS.

OOORRRRGGHH, DECLARE IT! SAY IT IS LIKE A MIGHTY HAMMER!
OH YES, VIKOR! YES! *YES!*
PRIV
FUCKIN' HELL, BIG LAD...!
WH--
SHIT!
AT YER WIFE'S FUNERAL, NO LESS! JESUS, MATE, ME HAT'S OFF TO YOU!
MIND YOU, THEY DO SAY YOU HAVE TO GET BACK OUT THERE, DON'T THEY?
OH GOD--OH GOD--
JUST *GO...!*
VIKOR NORSKA
OHHH, TALK ABOUT WAVIN' A SAUSAGE IN THE ALBERT HALL...
WHAT THE FUCK DO *YOU* WANT--?
CHAT.
VIKOR + NORSKA

THE SKORCHERS...?
OH, WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO TALK ABOUT THEM--!
I'LL BET.
NO, REALLY, WE'VE ALL BEEN TOLD TO BACK WAY OFF. NO CONTACT. BE POLITE IF WE SEE THEM, BUT *DO NOT ENGAGE...*
WELL, I'M THE BLOKE YOU TALK TO, ABOUT THINGS YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO TALK ABOUT.
YOU BETTER FIND OUT WHY, THEN.
HEY, THIS CAME STRAIGHT FROM VOUGHT, I MEAN--
AN' THE BEST WAY TO DO THAT IS BY ENGAGIN'.
THIS IS FUCKING BULLSHIT...!
FUCK! *FUCK!* MOTHERFUCKER, IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE THAT GODDAMNED FOOTAGE--!
WHAT, OF YOU HAVIN' A COSMIC WANK WITH THE ETERNITY GAUNTLET?
OH, FUCK OFF!
IT WAS ONCE! *ONCE!* I GOT CURIOUS! IT WAS JUST A STUPID FUCKING THING, I MEAN WHY SHOULD I HAVE TO SUFFER FOR THAT?
I'M *VIKOR,* FOR FUCK'S SAKE, I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO GET *BLACKMAILED...!*
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN?
WHAT?
IF I DIDN'T HAVE THE FOOTAGE.
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN?

NUHH!
WHAT THE FUCK WAS *THAT* FOR--?
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN?
AWWH--!
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN, WANKER?
NO-- WHAT'S FUCKING-- ***AAAAH...!***
COME ON, YOU HAD PLENTY TO SAY FOR YERSELF A MINUTE AGO...
DO NOT OPEN WHEN UNIT IN USE
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU--
FUCK FUCK NO NO ***NO***

DO NOT OPEN WHEN UNIT IN USE
HNK--!
HNNNNNNNHHHHHH
YOU HEAR ME ALL RIGHT?
GOOD MAN!
AAAAAAAAHHH!
THAT'S YOUR WIFE IN THERE WITH YOU, SON! YOU SMELL HER BIG FAT ARSE BURNIN'?
AAAAAH--!
FALLEN IN BATTLE, I HEARD SHE FELL DOWN THE STAIRS BLIND DRUNK AN' BROKE HER NECK! I BET SHE SMELLS LIKE A FIRE IN A FUCKIN' DISTILLERY!
YOU REMEMBER THIS, CUNT! YOU TAKE A GOOD DEEP BREATH O' THE OLD SLAG, AN' THE NEXT TIME YOU FEEL LIKE MOUTHIN' OFF TO ME--
AAAAAAAH...!
YOU FUCKIN' *REMEMBER...!*

UUUHHHHHHH...
COME ON, IT AIN'T THAT BAD.
YOU'LL HEAL. WITH YER MAGIC POTION OR WHATEVER.
UH...?
AN' WHEN YOU DO YOU CAN GET STARTED ON THAT LITTLE ERRAND, CAN'T YOU?
EVERYTHING YOU CAN FIND OUT ABOUT SPASTICS ANONYMOUS. SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU MENTION JULIAN BAXTER-PUGH.
SUPE DEVELOPMENT VERSUS MEDIACORP, TRY THAT FOR AN ANGLE TOO.
AN' QUIETLY DOES IT, YEAH? WON'T DO NEITHER OF US NO GOOD IF--AW, LEAVE IT, TERROR...!
YOU DON'T WANT NONE O' THAT, SON. FUCKIN' HORRIBLE, THAT IS.
RIGHT, COME ON, THEN.
OFF WE GO.

THOUGHT HE COULD USE THIS.
AW, THAT'S GOOD O' YOU. CHEERS.
YOU KNOW, I LOVE YOUR *ACCENT...*
SORRY, LOVE.

I DIDN'T HAVE TO DO NONE OF THAT TO HIM. A SMACK ROUND THE HEAD WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH.
EVEN WRITING THAT I CAN SEE THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE. THAT'S THE OLD ME, THE BLOKE YOU THOUGHT YOU GOT RID OF.
I DONE IT BECAUSE I WANTED TO. BECAUSE I'M IN SUCH A STINKING MOOD.
MALLORY AND HIS NEW TEAM AND HIS BLOODY TROUBLE AT VOUGHT--IT STILL FEELS LIKE ALL WE'RE DOING'S PECKING AT THEM.
HALF THE TIME HE LETS SUPES OFF WITH JUST A SLAP AND A WARNING.
I REMEMBER WHAT YOU TOLD ME. YOU WERE TRYING TO GET FUNDING FOR SOME DISABLED KIDS, AND THE WHOLE THING HAD JUST BEEN FLOGGED OFF TO THE PRIVATE SECTOR.
YOU SAID--BILLY, GOVERNMENT IS A PAIN IN THE ARSE, BUT AT LEAST THERE'S A FEW PEOPLE IN IT CARE. AND IF YOU CAN REACH THEM YOU'RE SORTED.
BUT YOU SAID A CORPORATION'S NOTHING LIKE THAT. BECAUSE IT DOESN'T HAVE ANYONE TO ANSWER TO. AND IT JUST GOES ON FOREVER, IT GETS BIGGER AND BIGGER AND MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO GET ANYTHING FROM IT.
A RIFT, MALLORY SAYS. THE BASTARDS ARE IMMUNE TO RIFTS.

THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT, IF WE'RE REALLY TRYING TO HURT THE SUPES WE'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY ABOUT IT.
HOW YOU DOING IN THERE?
OH, I'M... I'M ALL RIGHT, AYE...
IS THAT STUFF I GOT YOU HELPING?
UH, WEE BIT SOON TO KEN FOR SURE.
I JUST SAW MISTER McGONAGLE GO PAST IN HIS BUS. LOOKED LIKE HE'D BEEN SMOKING CRACK AGAIN.
AYE, WELL, HE DOES LIKE HIS CRACK...
D'YOU EVER THINK ABOUT WHAT THAT WOULD BE LIKE?

SMOKIN' CRACK? ANNIE--
NO, DUMMY, BEING ADDICTED.
HAVING SOMETHING YOU COULDN'T STOP DOING, NO MATTER HOW BAD YOU KNEW IT WAS FOR YOU.
OR EVEN GOING BACK TO IT YEARS LATER. WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS OUT OF YOUR LIFE.
...NO, NO, I NEVER REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT THAT.
BIT OF A GRIM ONE THERE, HEN.
HUH. YEAH.
I'M GONNA READ MY BOOK. FEEL BETTER.
TO BE CONTINUED

ISSUE THREE | COVER BY DARICK ROBERTSON

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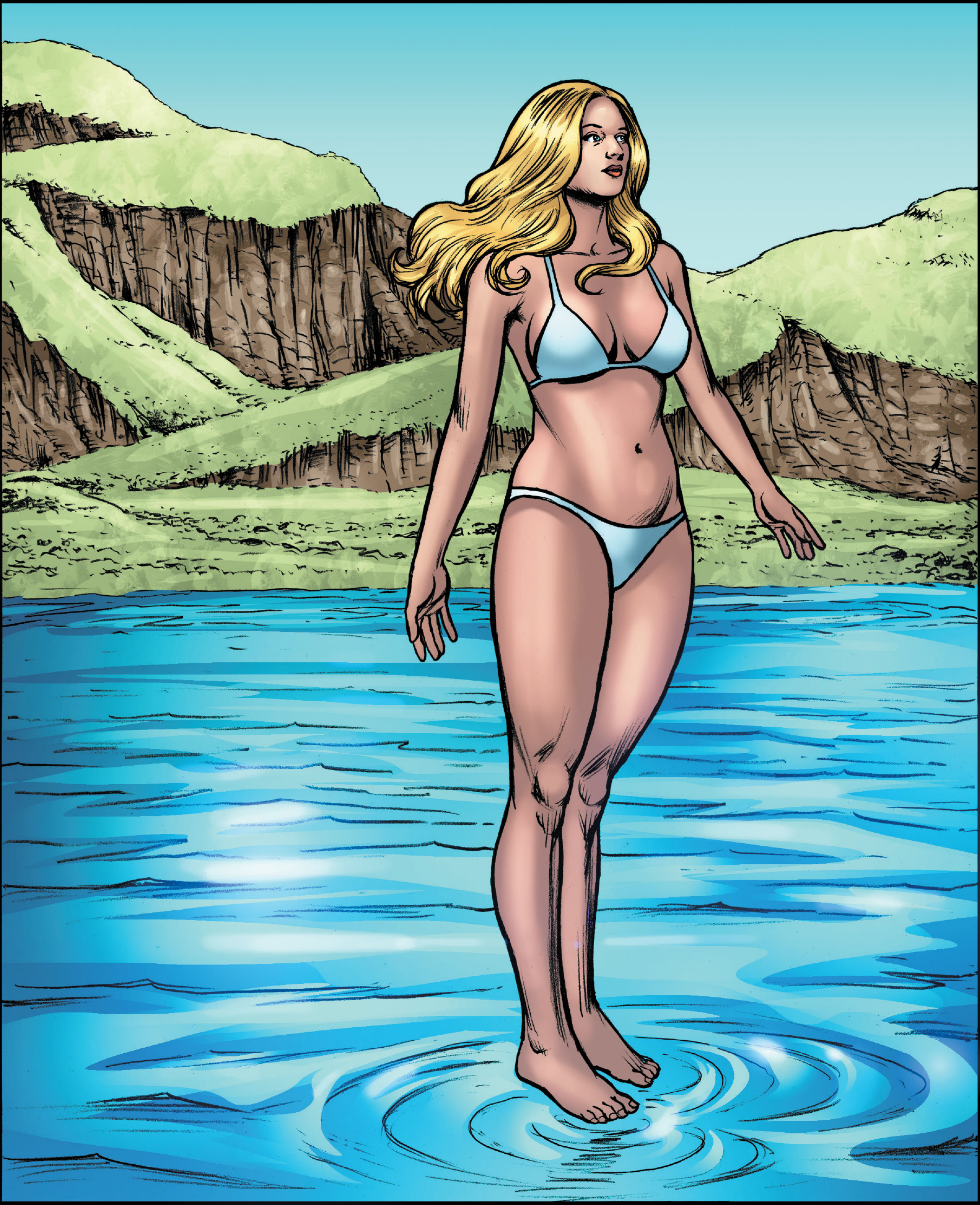


3: MONDAY

HELLO, THING FROM THE DEPTHS.
BLOOP
HOW'S THE WATERY WORLD BENEATH OUR OWN?
NO' BAD. I FOUND A QUID, I THINK IT'S ONE O' THE ONES MY PAW USED TO DROP FOR ME.
WHERE IS IT?
DROPPED IT.
SO WE'RE BROKE AGAIN.
GONNA GIVE US A GO, THEN?
PEOPLE COULD SEE US...
WHAT, IF THEY'VE NO' ALREADY NOTICED BLONDE LADY JESUS WALKIN' ACROSS THE BAY, YOU MEAN?

OH MY GOD...!
THIS IS BRAW!
I CAN SEE EVERYTHING, I CAN SEE AW' THE WAY OUT TO SEA!
YEAH IT'S KILLING ME! I CAN'T CARRY YOU ON THE GROUND, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK--
OCH, FLAP HARDER!
THAT'S FOR *BALANCE,* YOU IDIOT, THAT'S NOT WHAT'S KEEPING US UP!
AW, A WEE BIT MORE! C'MON!
OH JESUS, WHY DO I EVER LISTEN TO YOU...?
SHIT!
YAAAAH!

JINGS--!
THAT WAS TOO CLOSE.
I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT. THERE'S GUYS AT LANGLEY KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR THIS STUFF; THEY KILL ANY SUPE RUMORS STONE DEAD BEFORE THEY START...
YEAH, WHY DO I HAVE A BAD FEELING ABOUT HOW THEY MIGHT DO THAT?
C'MON, YOU KEN NOBODY'S LOOKIN' FOR DRAMA.
IT'S ALL DONE ONLINE, ANYTIME ANYONE SAYS ANYTHING THEY HAVE GUYS GO IN AN' JUST TROLL THE SHITE OUTTA THEM...
I REMEMBER YOU TOLD ME.
D'YOU MIND THOSE NAZI DICKHEADS IN OREGON, CALLED THEMSELVES THE **STORMFRONTERS?** ENDED UP FALLIN' OUT AN' MACHINE-GUNNIN' EACH OTHER?
YEAH...

WELL, IT STARTED 'CAUSE ONE O' THEM SAID THE OTHERS HAD STORMFRONT'S COSTUME WRONG, THEY WEREN'T *TRUE FANS* O' STORMFRONT--HOW D'YOU THINK HE CAME TO HAVE THAT IDEA IN HIS HEAD?
JESUS.
I KNOW WE'VE BEEN ON AND OFF THE GRID A FEW TIMES, HUGHIE, BUT THAT'S THE KIND OF DETAIL I REALLY COULD DO WITHOUT KNOWING...
I'M ONLY TELLIN' YOU SO YOU SEE IT'S UNDER CONTROL. NO ONE WANTS THE SUPES BACK, OR ANYTHIN' TO DO WI' THEM.
NOTHIN' *RELATED TO.* NOTHIN' *INSPIRED BY.*
AN' ACCIDENTS HAPPEN, AYE, BUT THE SUPES THAT ARE OUT THERE HAVE THE GOOD SENSE TO KEEP THEIR HEADS DOWN...
EXCEPT THIS ONE, APPARENTLY.
OCH, THAT WAS JUST FUN. I'M GLAD WE DID IT.
I LOVE COMIN' OUT HERE WI' YOU, IT DOES ME A POWER O' GOOD...
I'M GLAD. YOU'VE SEEMED KIND OF PREOCCUPIED THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS.
OH, AYE...
HOW'S YOUR TUMMY?
UH, FINE--
YOU KNOW WHAT I WAS THINKING THIS MORNING?

IF I CAN'T BE ANNIE JANUARY...THEN INSTEAD OF ANNIE KENNEDY...
COULDN'T I JUST BE ANNIE CAMPBELL?
YEP, THAT'S PRETTY MUCH THE LOOK I WAS EXPECTING.
AW, NO, BUT WAIT A MINUTE--I MEAN--I--
YOU JUST CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD A WEE BIT, THAT'S ALL...!
RELAX.
IT WAS YOUR IDEA, HUGHIE. YOU'RE THE ONE WENT DOWN ON ONE KNEE ON THE ROAD TO HANA.
BUT CAN'T YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND?
MARRIED OR NOT, WE'LL STILL BE TOGETHER.
I LOVE OUR ADVENTURES. AND I LOVE STAYING STILL.
JUST DON'T KEEP ME WAITING, OKAY?

BILLY BUTCHER, DID YOU JUST CALL ME *POSH--?*
IF THE SHOE FITS...
BUT IT DOESN'T BLOODY FIT, DOES IT? HOW THE HELL IS *HACKNEY* POSH?
COME ON, YOU CAN HEAR IT IN YOUR ACCENT...
GOD, YOU ARE SUCH A BLOODY WIND-UP MERCHANT--!
YOU'RE POSHER'N I AM, ANYWAY.
YOU'RE FROM *MILLWALL!* LONDON BLOODY ZOO'S POSHER THAN MILLWALL!
EEWWW, NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR MILADY, ***EY SEEEE...***

YOU ROTTEN SOD, YOU'RE JUST TRYNNA PUT ME OFF FOR WHEN IT'S MY GO!
EY HEV NO NEED TO PUT MILADY ORF!
LEAVE IT OUT, YOU TWO, YOU'RE LIKE BLOODY KIDS...!
EY HEV NO NEED BECORSE IT'S GIRLS EGENST BLOKES, END GIRLS ARE CREP AT POOL...
YOU WHAT?
END ***MILADY*** IS THE CREPPEST OF THEM ALL...
YOU...!
YOUR SHOT, BILLY.
UH--GIMME A SECOND, LENNY-- I--
WELL?
WHAT YOU GONNA DO?
IT'S YOUR SHOT, CHUM.
COME ON, YOU'RE HOLDIN' UP THE GAME...

'ERE, MATE, I THINK YOU'VE HAD A BIT OF AN ACCIDENT!
WHAT, DID THE GAME GET A BIT TOO EXCITIN' FOR YOU--?
D'YOU NEED SOMEONE TO *HELP YOU TO THE TOILET...?*
IT'S ALL RIGHT, LADS, HE'S GETTIN' ON A BIT. I POP HIS TEETH IN AN' BRING HIM DOWN HERE NOW AN AGAIN, JUST AS A BIT OF A TREAT.
YOU SEE WHEN I GET YOU HOME AFTER THIS...?
PROMISES, PROMISES...ALWAYS PROMISES...
...BOLLOCKS.
AW, THE POOR OLD BUGGER'S PAST IT!
LOOK AT THAT, IT'S ALL GOTTEN TOO MUCH FOR HIM...!

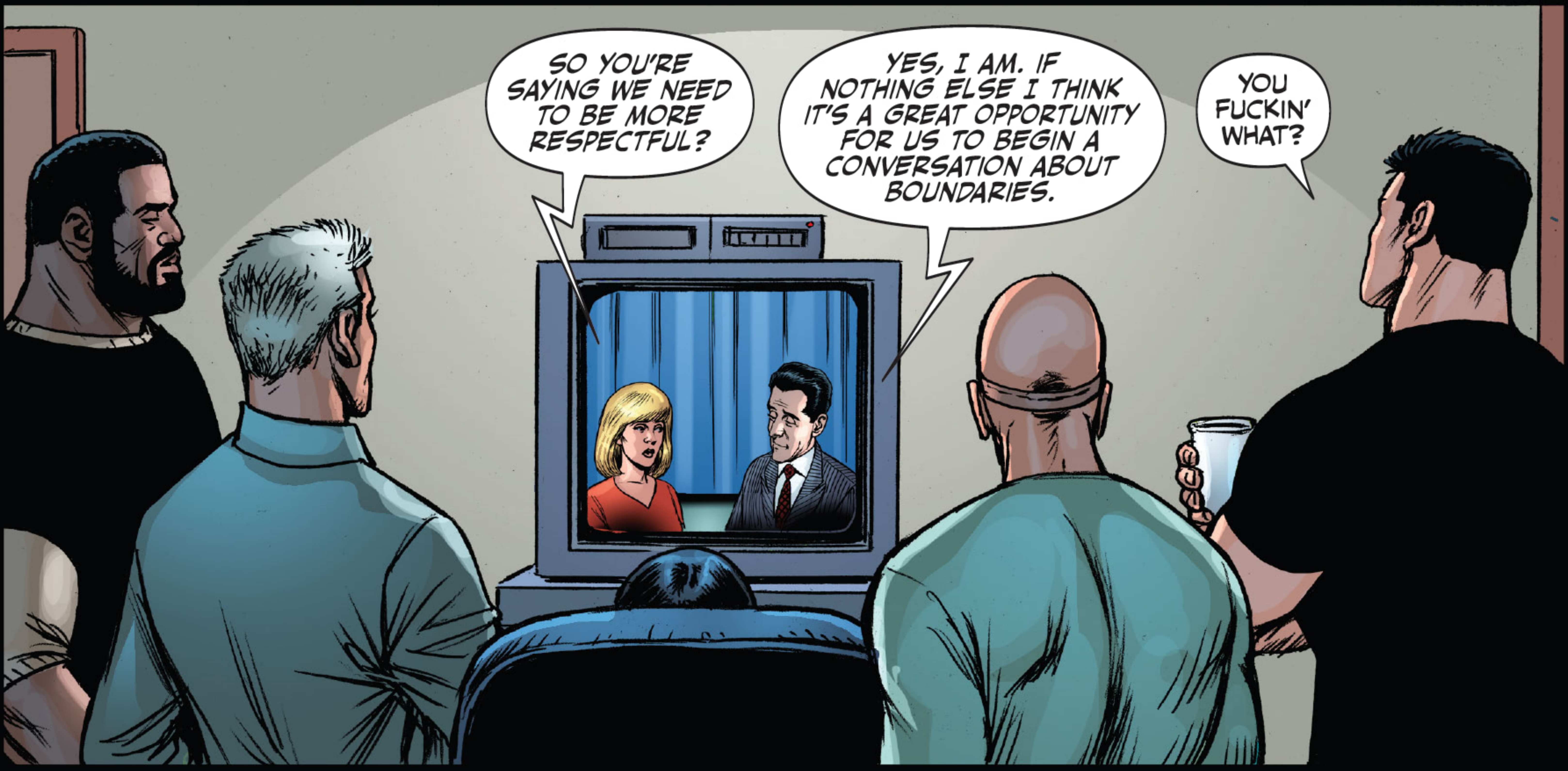
WAAAAAAGGHHH!
AAAAAH! BILLY! YOU'RE GONNA DROP ME!
NO I AIN'T.
YOU BLOODY LUNATIC, YOU ARE!
WHUFF! JESUS!
GOD ALMIGHTY, I SWEAR THIS BED'S GONNA GIVE OUT ON US ONE OF THESE DAYS...!
MAYBE TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT.
YOU MENTAL BLEEDER, I THOUGHT YOU WAS GONNA LET GO OF ME JUST NOW!
DON'T BE DAFT.

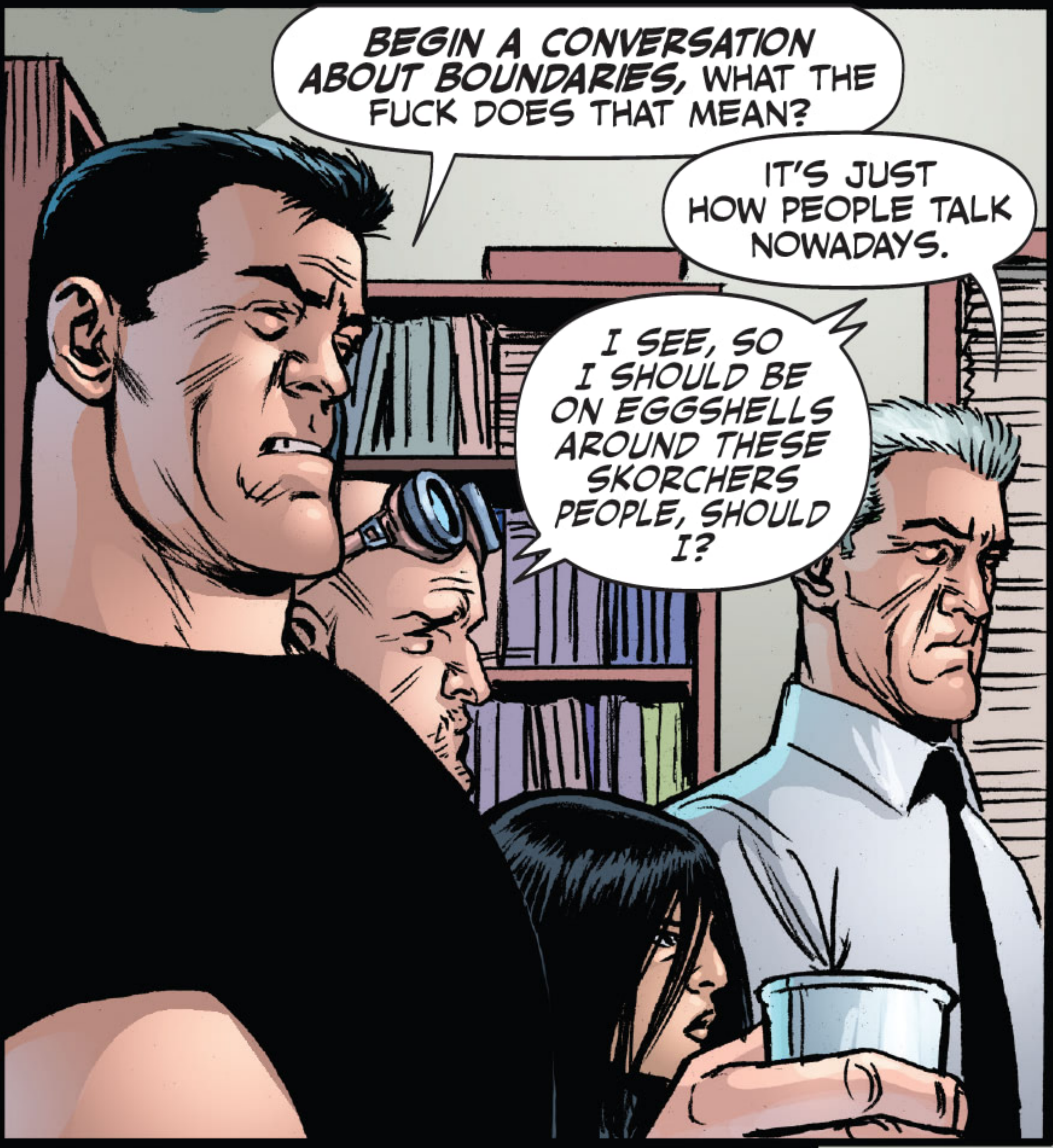
I AIN'T NEVER GONNA LET GO OF YOU.
YOU GOTTA READ THAT?
BETTER'N THE SUN, YOU SAID YOU WOULDN'T HAVE IT IN THE HOUSE...
YEAH, BUT... RRGH.
BECKY, I AIN'T READIN' THE BLOODY GUARDIAN, I TOLD YOU.
WHY NOT?
'COS I JUST AIN'T THAT WORRIED ABOUT LIFE.
THE GUARDIAN
FAIR ENOUGH.
THE GUARDIAN
YOU DO KNOW YOU ALREADY GOT ME TO CHANGE QUITE A BIT ABOUT MESELF, DON'T YOU? THERE'S TIMES MUM AN' LENNY SAY THEY HARDLY KNOW ME.
TRUE.
I MEAN LAST NIGHT IN THE PUB, THERE WOULD'VE BEEN BLOODY CARNAGE. AN' I'D'VE WALKED AWAY WITHOUT GIVIN' IT A SECOND THOUGHT.
NOW THAT IS DEFINITELY TRUE.
THE GUARDIAN

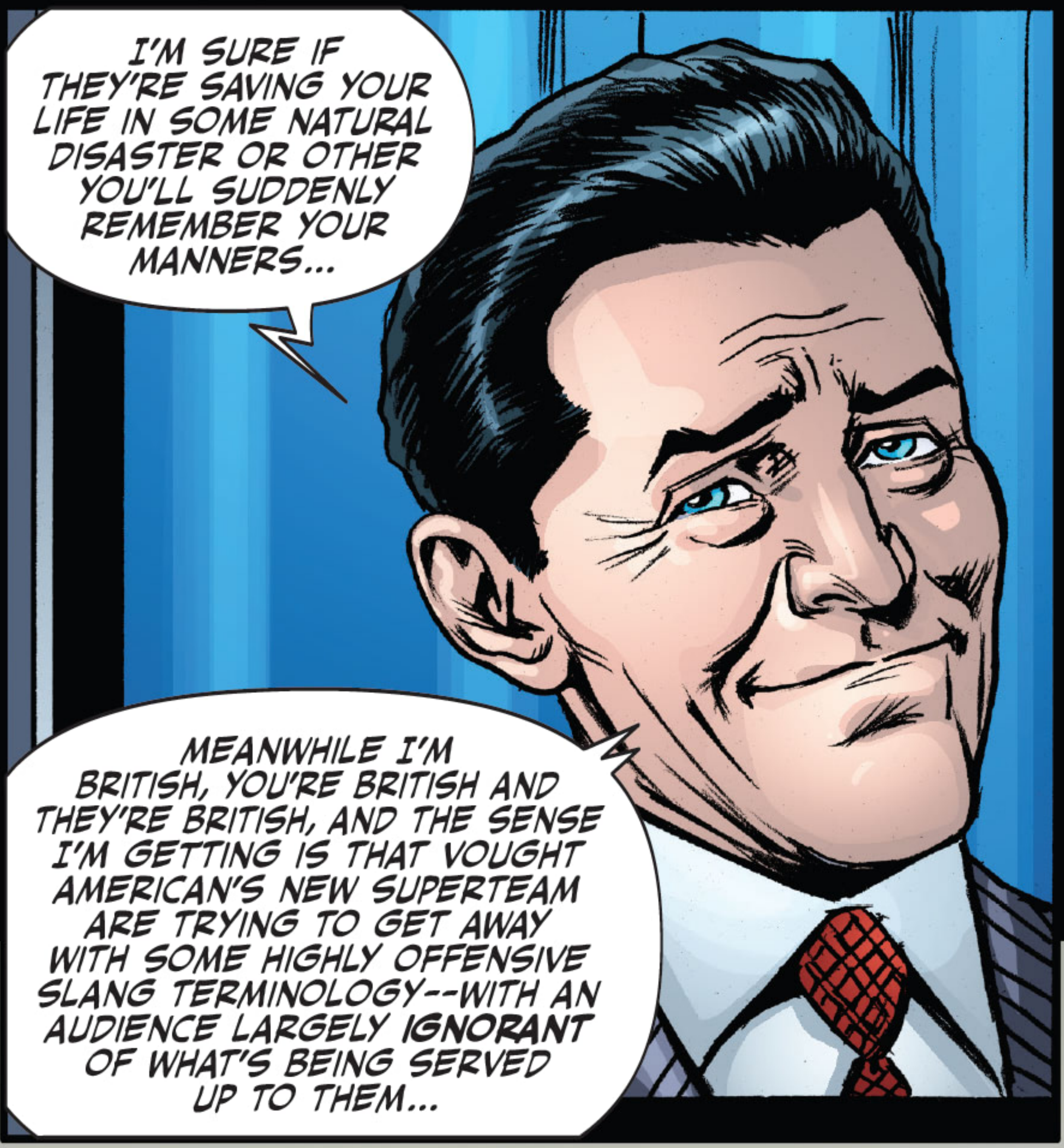
SO BE CONTENT WITH *NAAAH--!*
THINK OF YERSELF AS A WORK IN PROGRESS.
THE GUARDIAN
YOU KNOW YOU DON'T REALLY WALK AWAY FROM IT, DON'T YOU?
EH?
WHETHER YOU'RE THE ONE GETS HIT, OR YOU'RE DOIN' THE HITTIN'. NO ONE DOES.
E GUARDIAN
I SEE IT WITH THE KIDS I WORK WITH, THE ONES GET CALLED YOUNG OFFENDERS. AN' SOME OF THE PEOPLE'VE BEEN KICKED OUTTA CARE.
IT STAYS INSIDE THEM, BILLY.
WHAT DOES?
ALL THE HORRIBLE NEGATIVE SHIT.
IT DON'T GO AWAY, IT LEAVES THEM WOUND UP TO NINETY. RESENTFUL, FRUSTRATED.
HURT.
AN' ONE DAY WHEN THEY'RE LEAST EXPECTIN' IT, IT ALL COMES OUT.
YOU KNOW?

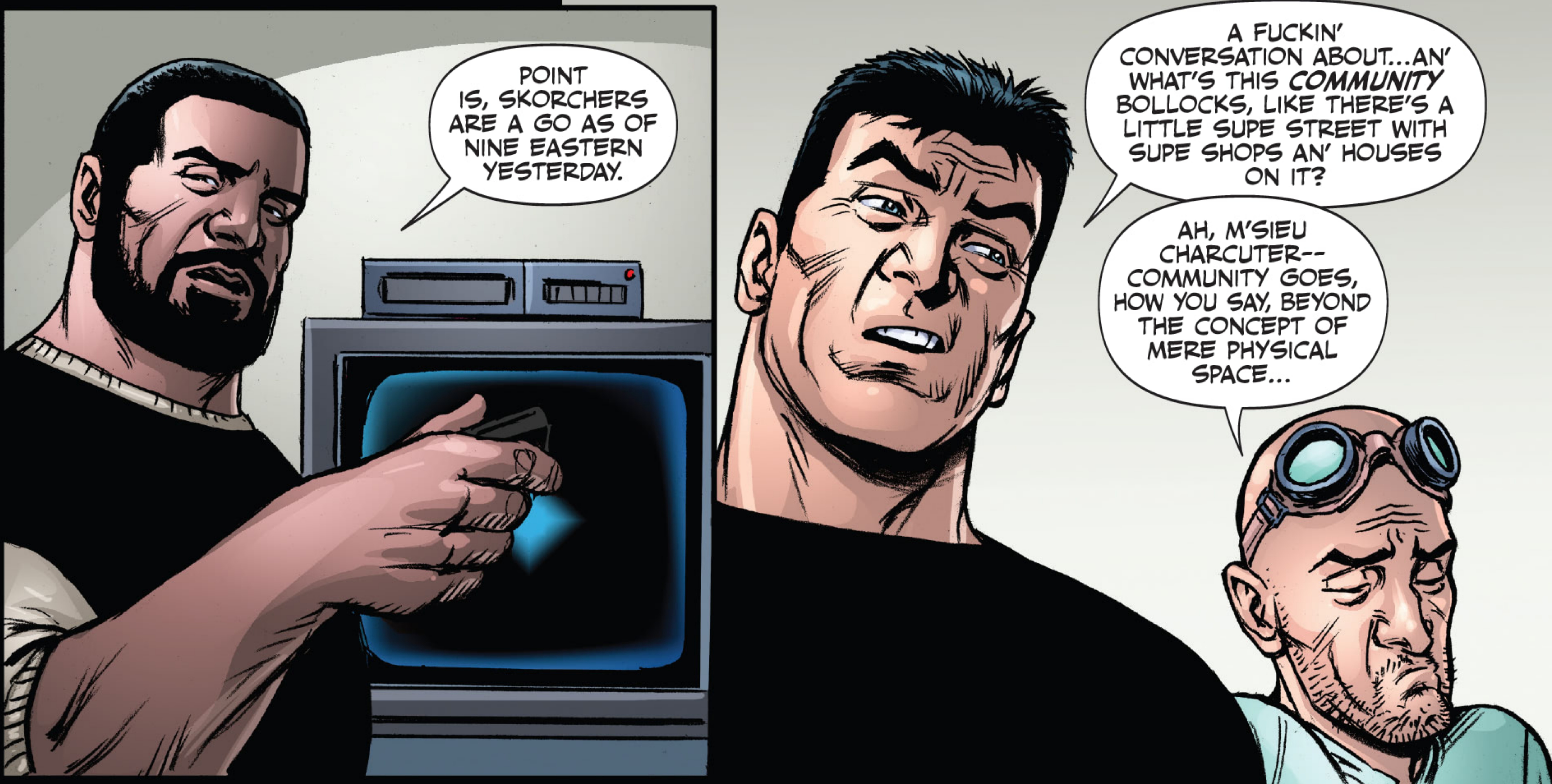
YOU'RE SAFE WHEN YOU'RE AT WORK, AIN'T YOU, LUV?
THERE AIN'T NO ONE LIKELY TO HURT YOU OR NOTHIN', YOU'RE OKAY?
'COURSE I AM.
FUCK.

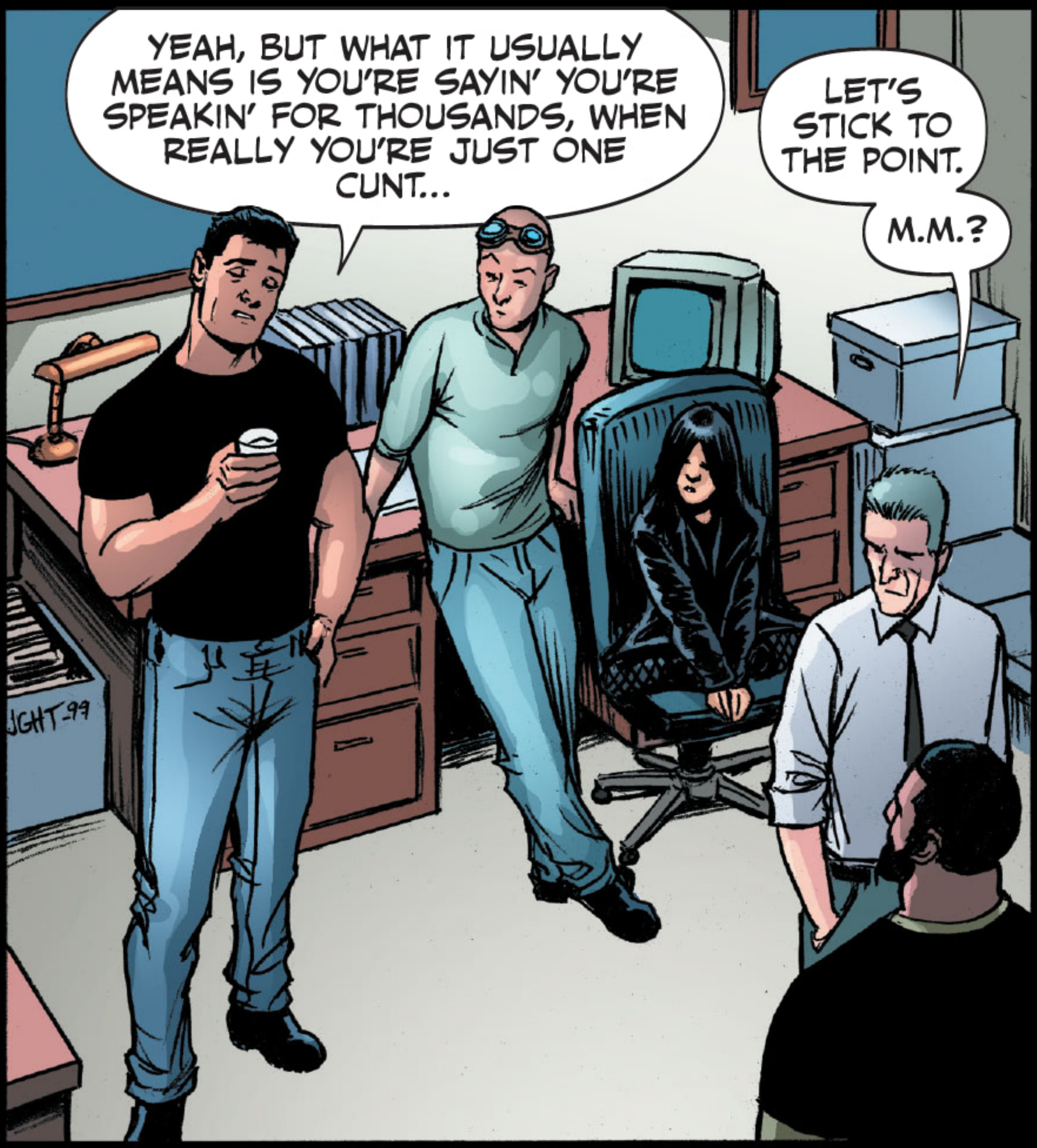
NICE OF YOU TO JOIN US.
YEAH, AIN'T IT?
THOMPSO & GARAND INDUSTRIAL IMPORTS
THIS IS FROM LAST NIGHT.
...YOU'RE DISMISSING RACISM AND HOMOPHOBIA AS A **BIT OF FUN--?**
BECAUSE THAT'S THE SAME EXCUSE YOU'VE USED TO DEFEND THE KIND OF JOURNALISM YOU'VE PEDDLED BACK IN THE U.K., THE SAME **CHIRPY, CHEERY**--AND FRANKLY QUITE NAUSEATING--
AH, JULIAN BAXTER-PUGH--MISTER TATCHELL HAS A POINT HERE, DOESN'T HE?
AMONG THE MEMBERS OF THIS NEW TEAM, **THE SKORCHERS**--YOU'VE GOT **PONCING POOF,** YOU'VE GOT **BLACK THUGG...**
WELL, THIS WAS CERTAINLY MISTER TATCHELL'S LINE WHEN WE CROSSED SWORDS ON THE B.B.C., AND I'LL SAY THE SAME THING NOW I SAID TO HIM THEN: CALM DOWN. NO ONE'S TRYING TO OFFEND ANYONE.
BUT THERE IS A POINT I WOULD LIKE TO RAISE HERE, AND THAT'S THAT THESE HEROES **ALL CHOSE THEIR OWN NAMES...**
YOU'RE SERIOUSLY SAYING--
PLEASE, PLEASE LET ME FINISH. THE MOMENT A SUPERHERO TAKES HIS NAME COMES AT A **CRUCIAL POINT IN THE ORIGIN PROCESS.** HE'LL HAVE UNDERGONE A GOOD DEAL OF TRIAL AND FRUSTRATION AS HIS POWERS DEVELOP, POSSIBLY EVEN TRAUMA, TOO.
IT'S REGARDED AS--WELL, AS QUITE A **SACRED MOMENT** BY MANY IN THE SUPERHUMAN COMMUNITY...

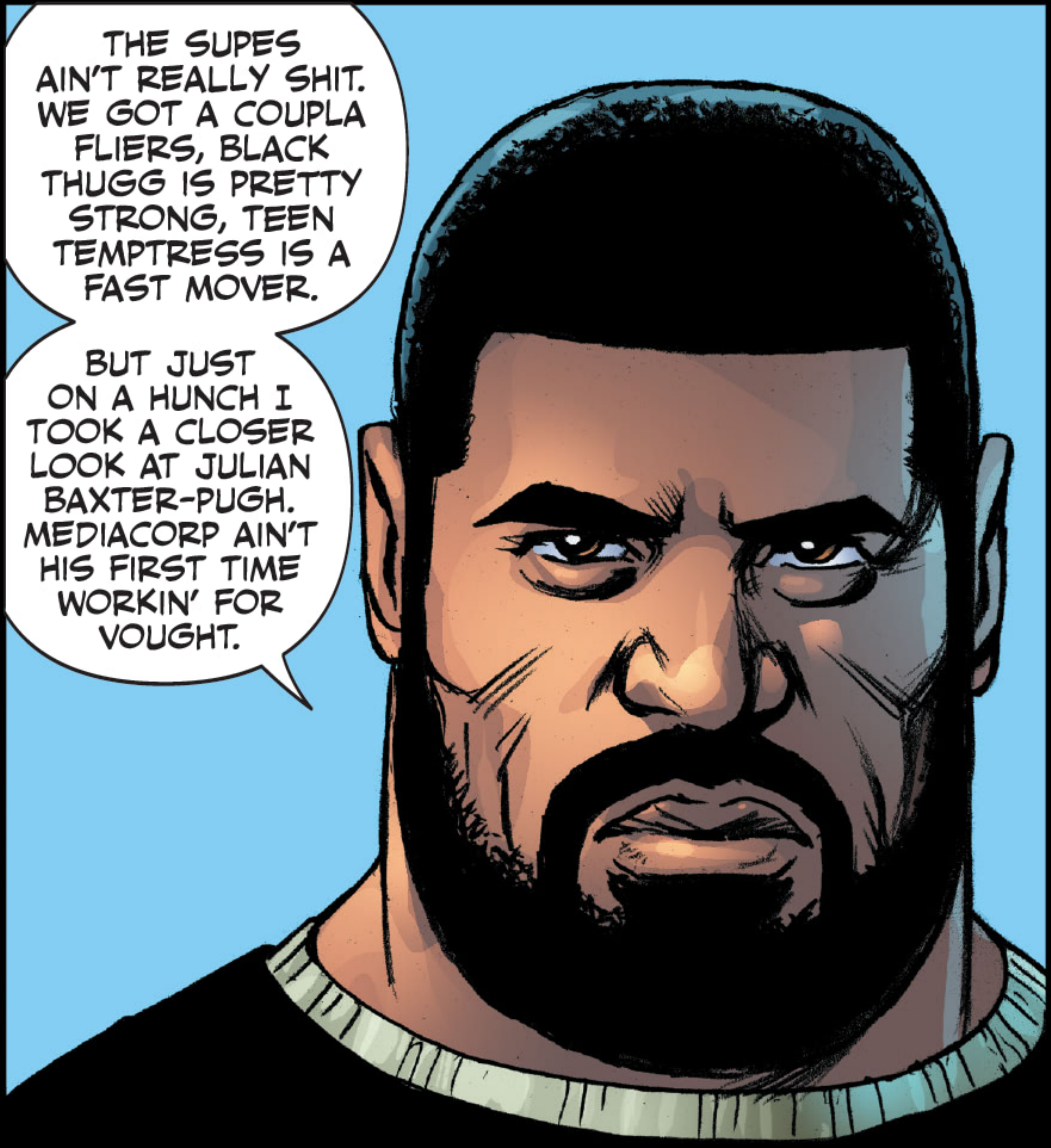

SO YOU'RE SAYING WE NEED TO BE MORE RESPECTFUL?
YES, I AM. IF NOTHING ELSE I THINK IT'S A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR US TO BEGIN A CONVERSATION ABOUT BOUNDARIES.
YOU FUCKIN' WHAT?

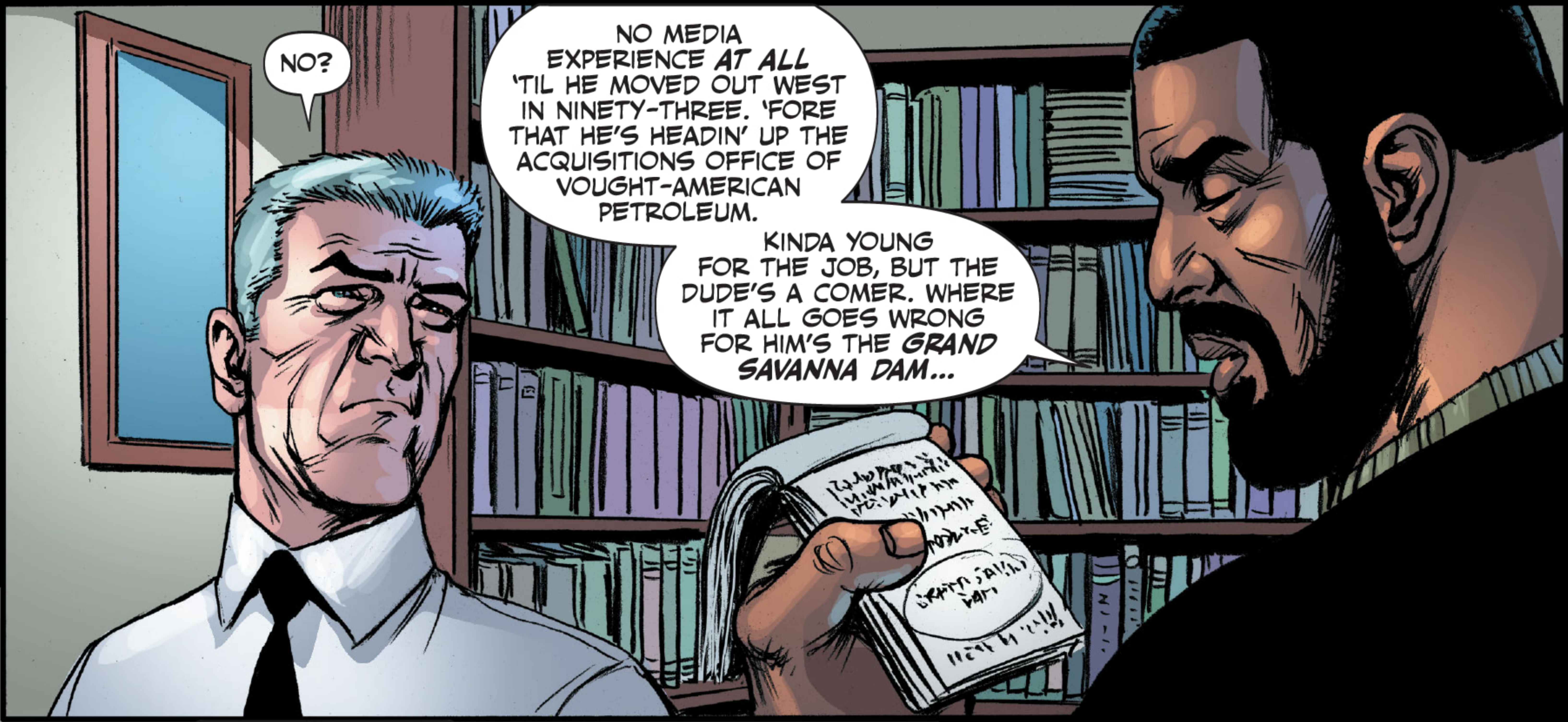

BEGIN A CONVERSATION ABOUT BOUNDARIES, WHAT THE FUCK DOES THAT MEAN?
IT'S JUST HOW PEOPLE TALK NOWADAYS.
I SEE, SO I SHOULD BE ON EGGSHELLS AROUND THESE SKORCHERS PEOPLE, SHOULD I?

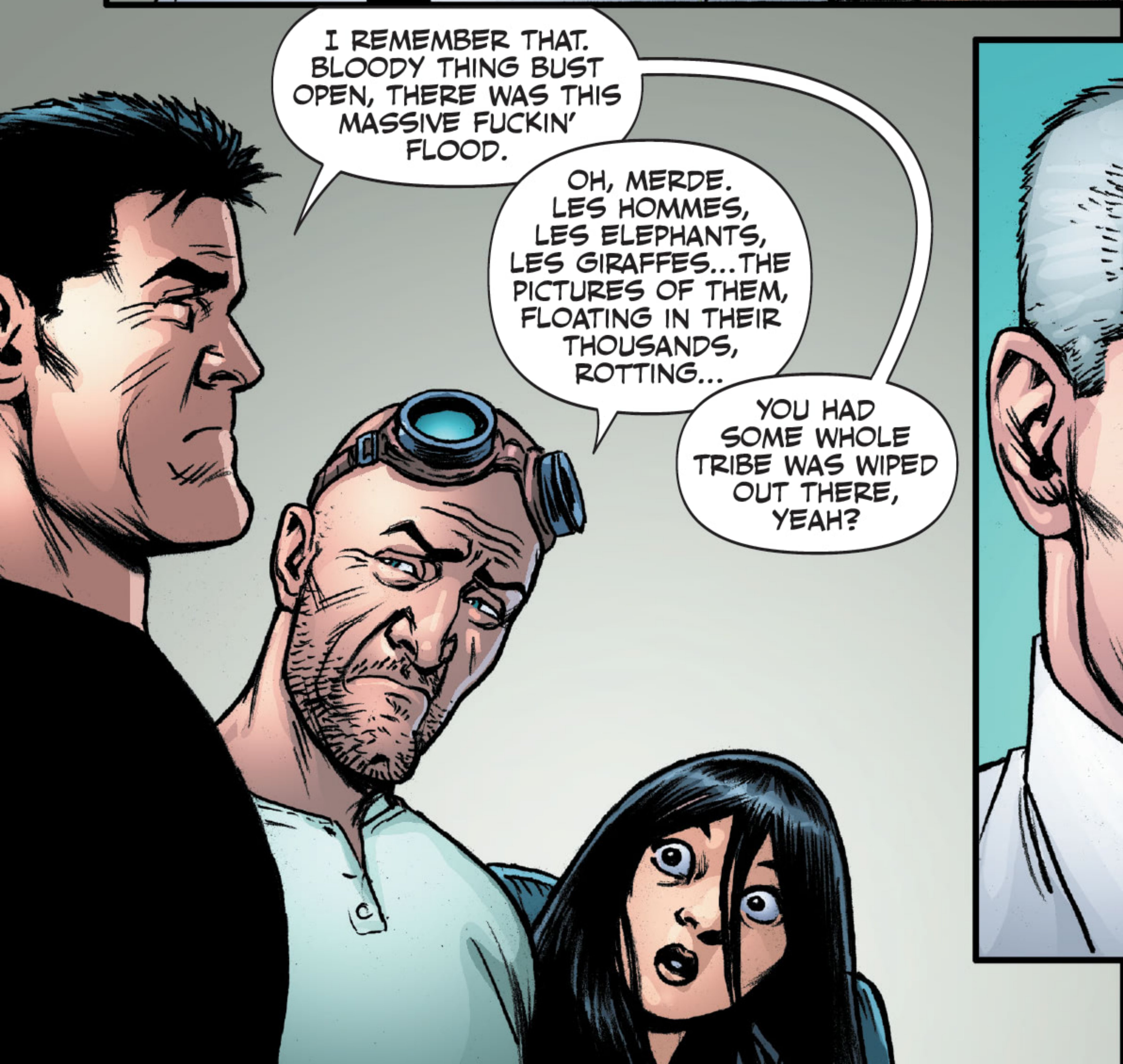

I'M SURE IF THEY'RE SAVING YOUR LIFE IN SOME NATURAL DISASTER OR OTHER YOU'LL SUDDENLY REMEMBER YOUR MANNERS...
MEANWHILE I'M BRITISH, YOU'RE BRITISH AND THEY'RE BRITISH, AND THE SENSE I'M GETTING IS THAT VOUGHT AMERICAN'S NEW SUPERTEAM ARE TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH SOME HIGHLY OFFENSIVE SLANG TERMINOLOGY--WITH AN AUDIENCE LARGELY **IGNORANT** OF WHAT'S BEING SERVED UP TO THEM...

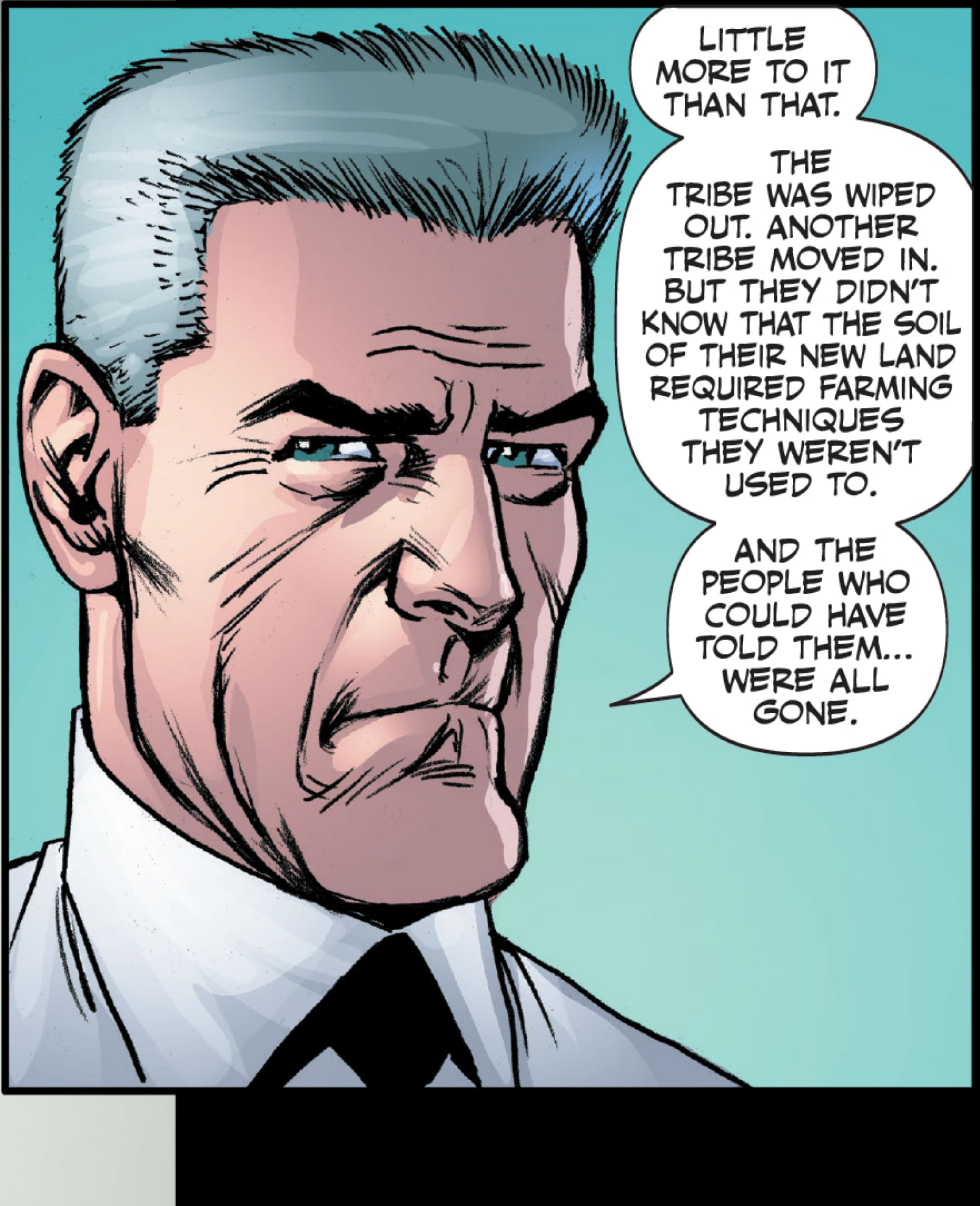

POINT IS, SKORCHERS ARE A GO AS OF NINE EASTERN YESTERDAY.
A FUCKIN' CONVERSATION ABOUT...AN' WHAT'S THIS **COMMUNITY** BOLLOCKS, LIKE THERE'S A LITTLE SUPE STREET WITH SUPE SHOPS AN' HOUSES ON IT?
AH, M'SIEU CHARCUTER--COMMUNITY GOES, HOW YOU SAY, BEYOND THE CONCEPT OF MERE PHYSICAL SPACE...


YEAH, BUT WHAT IT USUALLY MEANS IS YOU'RE SAYIN' YOU'RE SPEAKIN' FOR THOUSANDS, WHEN REALLY YOU'RE JUST ONE CUNT...
LET'S STICK TO THE POINT.
M.M.?


THE SUPES AIN'T REALLY SHIT. WE GOT A COUPLA FLIERS, BLACK THUGG IS PRETTY STRONG, TEEN TEMPTRESS IS A FAST MOVER.
BUT JUST ON A HUNCH I TOOK A CLOSER LOOK AT JULIAN BAXTER-PUGH. MEDIACORP AIN'T HIS FIRST TIME WORKIN' FOR VOUGHT.


NO?
NO MEDIA EXPERIENCE *AT ALL* 'TIL HE MOVED OUT WEST IN NINETY-THREE. 'FORE THAT HE'S HEADIN' UP THE ACQUISITIONS OFFICE OF VOUGHT-AMERICAN PETROLEUM.
KINDA YOUNG FOR THE JOB, BUT THE DUDE'S A COMER. WHERE IT ALL GOES WRONG FOR HIM'S THE *GRAND SAVANNA DAM...*


I REMEMBER THAT. BLOODY THING BUST OPEN, THERE WAS THIS MASSIVE FUCKIN' FLOOD.
OH, MERDE. LES HOMMES, LES ELEPHANTS, LES GIRAFFES...THE PICTURES OF THEM, FLOATING IN THEIR THOUSANDS, ROTTING...
YOU HAD SOME WHOLE TRIBE WAS WIPED OUT THERE, YEAH?


LITTLE MORE TO IT THAN THAT.
THE TRIBE WAS WIPED OUT. ANOTHER TRIBE MOVED IN. BUT THEY DIDN'T KNOW THAT THE SOIL OF THEIR NEW LAND REQUIRED FARMING TECHNIQUES THEY WEREN'T USED TO.
AND THE PEOPLE WHO COULD HAVE TOLD THEM... WERE ALL GONE.

ONE OF THE FINER POINTS OF ETHNIC CLEANSING...
HANG ON, WHAT'RE WE SAYIN' HERE?
WHAT'S THIS GOT TO DO WITH THAT BAXTER-PUGH WANKSHAFT?
IT WAS NOTED AT THE TIME THAT THE NEW TRIBE WERE MUCH MORE RECEPTIVE TO OFFERS FROM V.A.P., WHO WANTED PART OF THEIR TERRITORY FOR DRILLING. BUT NOTHING COULD BE PROVEN ABOUT THE FAILURE OF THE DAM.
WHAT SCREWED VOUGHT WAS THE DEMISE OF THAT SECOND TRIBE BY FAMINE, WHICH NO ONE HAD FORESEEN--A HUMANITARIAN CATASTROPHE THAT RENDERED THE PROJECT *BEYOND TOXIC* IN P.R. TERMS...
ILS ONT *SABOTE* LA GRANDE SAVANNA...?
THIS IS WHERE WE JOIN A COUPLE OF DOTS.
COLONEL'S HAD ME LOOKIN' INTO A LOTTA VOUGHT'S SHIT THESE LAST COUPLA YEARS. SOME SUPE-RELATED, SOME MIGHT OR MIGHT NOT BE, SOME WIT' NO VISIBLE CONNECTION.
DO IT IN MY DOWNTIME, MOSTLY. JUST REACHIN' OUT, LOOKIN' FOR CONNECTIONS.
GOTTA KEEP THE BIG BRAIN OCCUPIED, EH?
JEOPARDY RERUNS ONLY GONNA TAKE YOU SO FAR.
RED FLAG COME UP ON THIS:

STORMFRONT...?
THERE WAS A V.A. INTERNAL MEMO THE LEGEND SENT US OVER. FROM WHEN VICTORY COMICS DID A CHARITY BOOK FOR THE GRAND SAVANNA.
VOUGHT SAID THEY COULD USE ANY CHARACTERS THEY WANTED: BUT NOT HIM.
NO PUBLIC APPEARANCES.
NO USIN' HIS IMAGE IN THE BOOK.
HIS NAME COULD NOT GO ANYWHERE NEAR IT.
HE HAS THE, THE JUICE TO DO THE DAM, OUI?
IN HIS LITTLE FINGER.
I NEVER WOULDA CONNECTED THIS TO BAXTER-PUGH. NOT 'TIL I FOUND OUT HE RAN V.A.P..
BUT HERE'S WHAT I THINK JUST MIGHT BE GOIN' DOWN.
JULIAN BAXTER-PUGH WANTS TO USE SUPES FOR SHIT NO ONE EVER HAD OR EVER SHOULD. HE TRIED ONCE, HE FUCKED UP.
NOW HE'S USIN' MEDIACORP TO LAUNCH SUPES OUTSIDE THE REGULAR VOUGHT STABLE, THAT JUST MAYBE HE AN' HE ALONE CONTROLS.

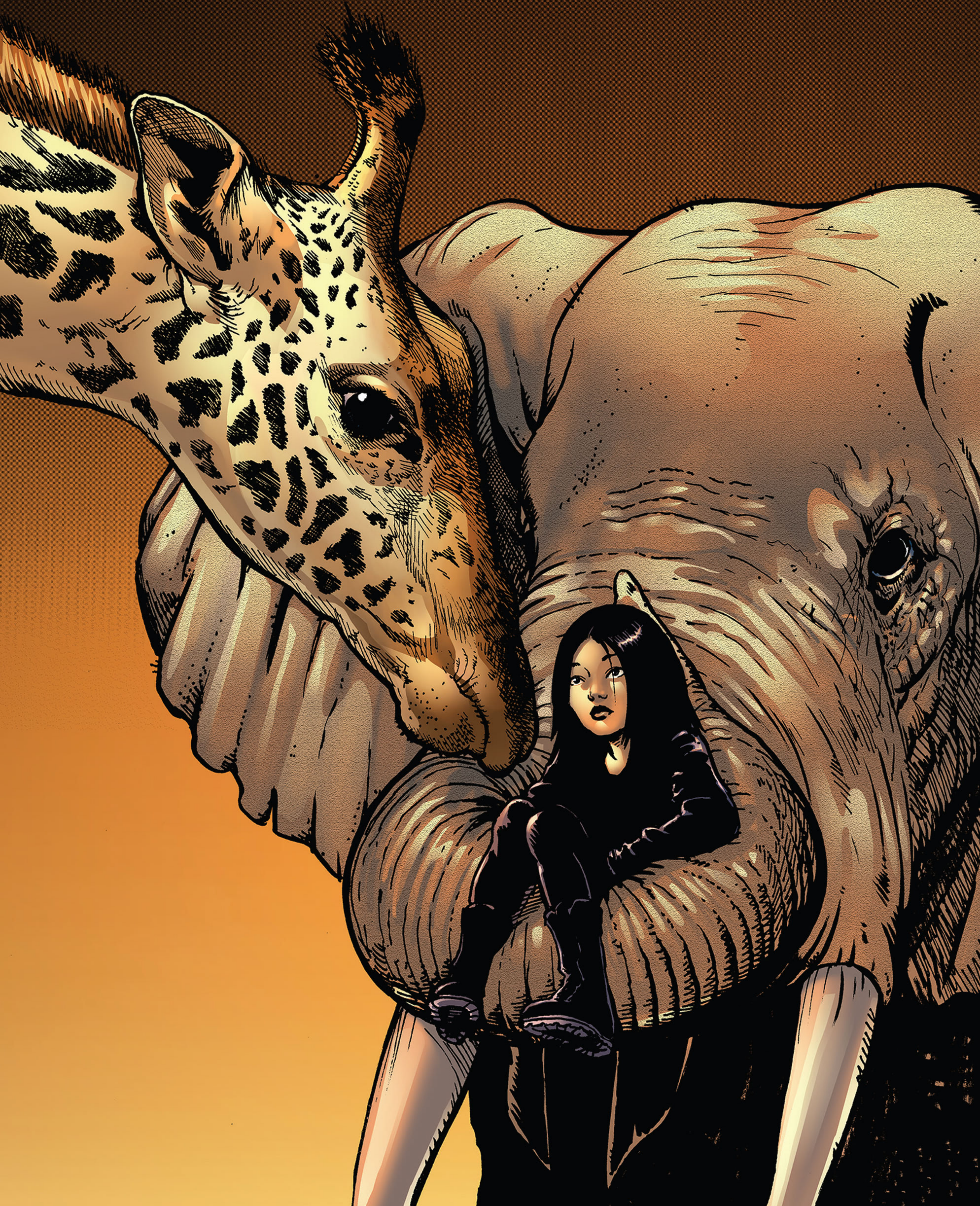
AN' THAT WOULD MAKE HIM--
DANGEROUS.
POTENTIALLY VERY DANGEROUS INDEED.
...AN' YOU'RE MEANT TO BE STORMFRONT'S SON, YEAH?
I MEAN I KNOW YOU AIN'T, YOU LOOK FUCK ALL LIKE HIM, BUT AIN'T THAT WHAT THEY CALL YOU?
MM.
THEY JUST PUT ALL THE SCANDI, VIKING, NAZI TWATS TOGETHER. AN' WHEN HE AIN'T WITH PAYBACK HE'S WITH YOU AN' THE REST OF 'EM, *THE CHILDREN OF STORMFRONT...*
MM-HM.
SO HOW D'YOU GET IN TOUCH?
WHEN YOU WANNA HAVE A TEAM-UP OR WHATEVER?
WE DON'T. HE DOES. *DADDY* THINKS HE'S TOO GOOD FOR US.
THE CHILDREN OF STORMFRONT: IT'S FUNNY YOU SHOULD MENTION THEM.

JUST SNAP YOUR FINGERS AND I COME RUNNING, YES?

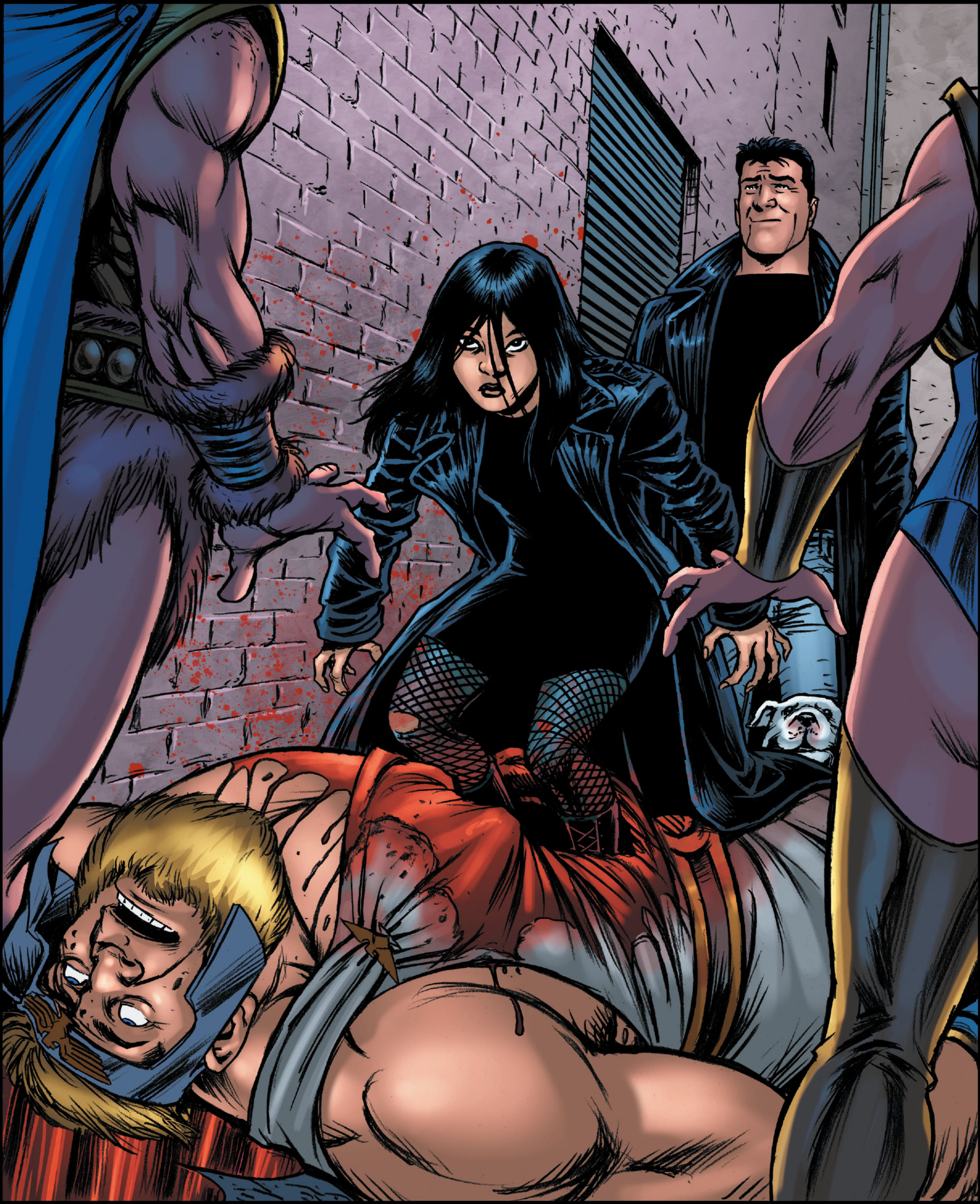
SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN' HERE, CHIEF?
OH, I SHOULD FUCKING SAY SO, *YES...!*
THIS IS *SKANDIA.* SAY HELLO TO THE MORTAL, SKANDIA.
INSECT...
SKANDIA IS A TELEPATH. WE'RE GOING TO BOUNCE YOU AROUND THIS ALLEY FOR A WHILE, AND WHEN WE'VE REDUCED MOST OF YOUR SKELETON TO SHARDS SHE'S GOING TO READ YOUR MIND.
AND FIND OUT WHERE YOU KEEP THE FOOTAGE YOU'VE BEEN HOLDING OVER ME, YOU *FUCK.*
AND THEN WE'LL REALLY GET SERIOUS, AND BY THE TIME YOU DIE YOU'LL-- IS SOMETHING FUCKING *AMUSING YOU ABOUT THIS...?*
AH, JUST SOMETHIN' I WAS THINKIN' ABOUT THIS MORNIN.
MORE FUNNY PECULIAR THAN FUNNY HA-HA, TO BE HONEST WITH YOU.

WELL--
ALL RIGHT, VIKOR. CALM DOWN, MY SON.
NOW, WE CAN DO IT THIS WAY IF YOU WANT. I DON'T HONESTLY RECOMMEND IT, BUT IT'S UP TO YOU.
THE FIVE OF US CAN TEAR YOU LIMB FROM LIMB AND YOU *KNOW IT,* ASSHOLE...!
I AIN'T SAYIN' YOU CAN'T.
BUT WHAT IF I TOLD YOU--SERIOUSLY, NO FUCKIN' ABOUT--THERE WAS A BETTER WAY TO SORT THIS OUT.
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?
I'D SAY *IMAGINE THAT.*
TAKE HIM.

ISSUE FOUR | COVER BY DARICK ROBERTSON



WHAT'S THAT?
PAUSE FOR EFFECT?
YOU HOPING TO STOP TIME OR SOMETHING?
BECAUSE I'VE GOT--
JESUS--!
UNNH--
HHNN NNHHH
WHAT THE FUCK--
JESUS CHRIST!
OH MY GOD, WHAT WAS *THAT...?*
WAAAH!



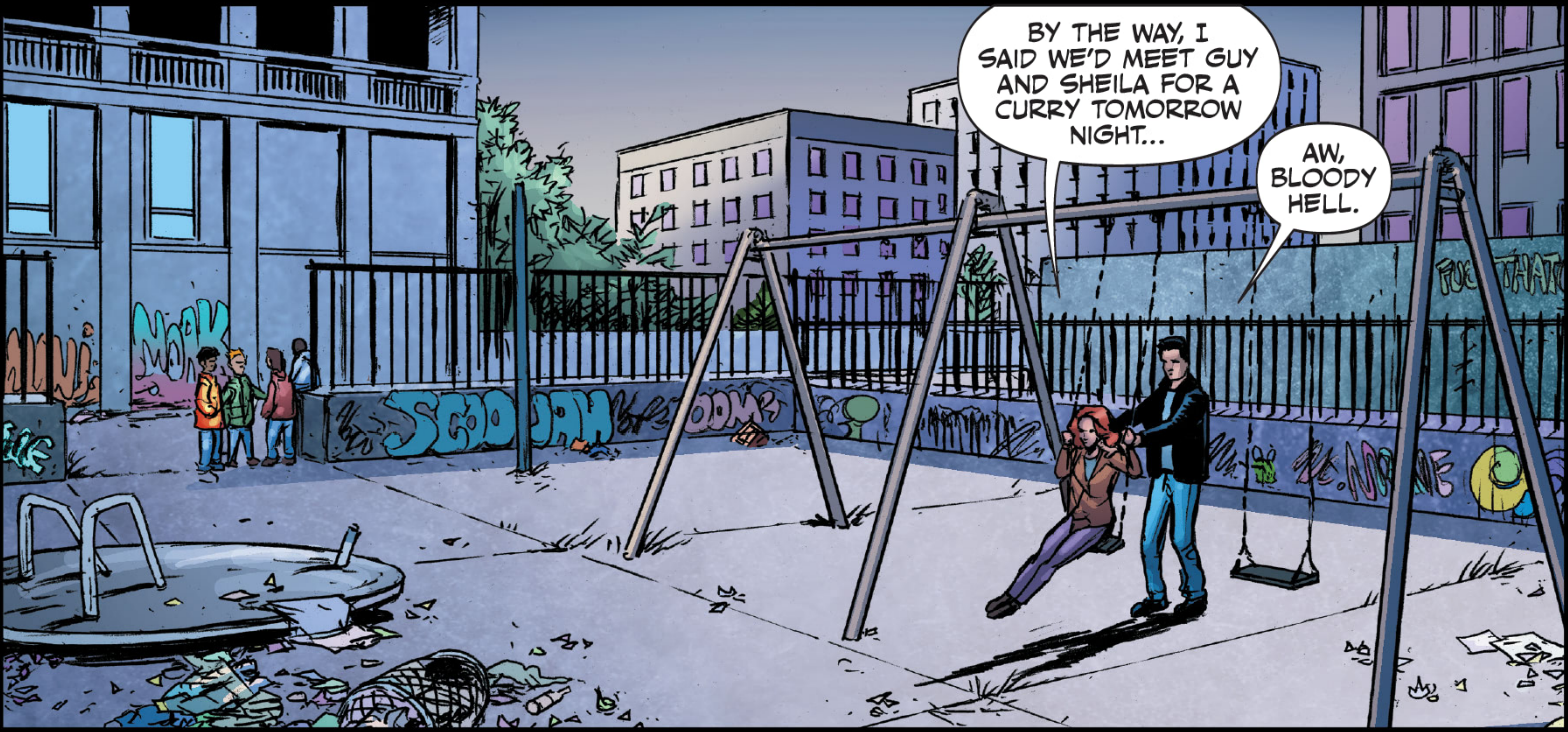
4: TUESDAY

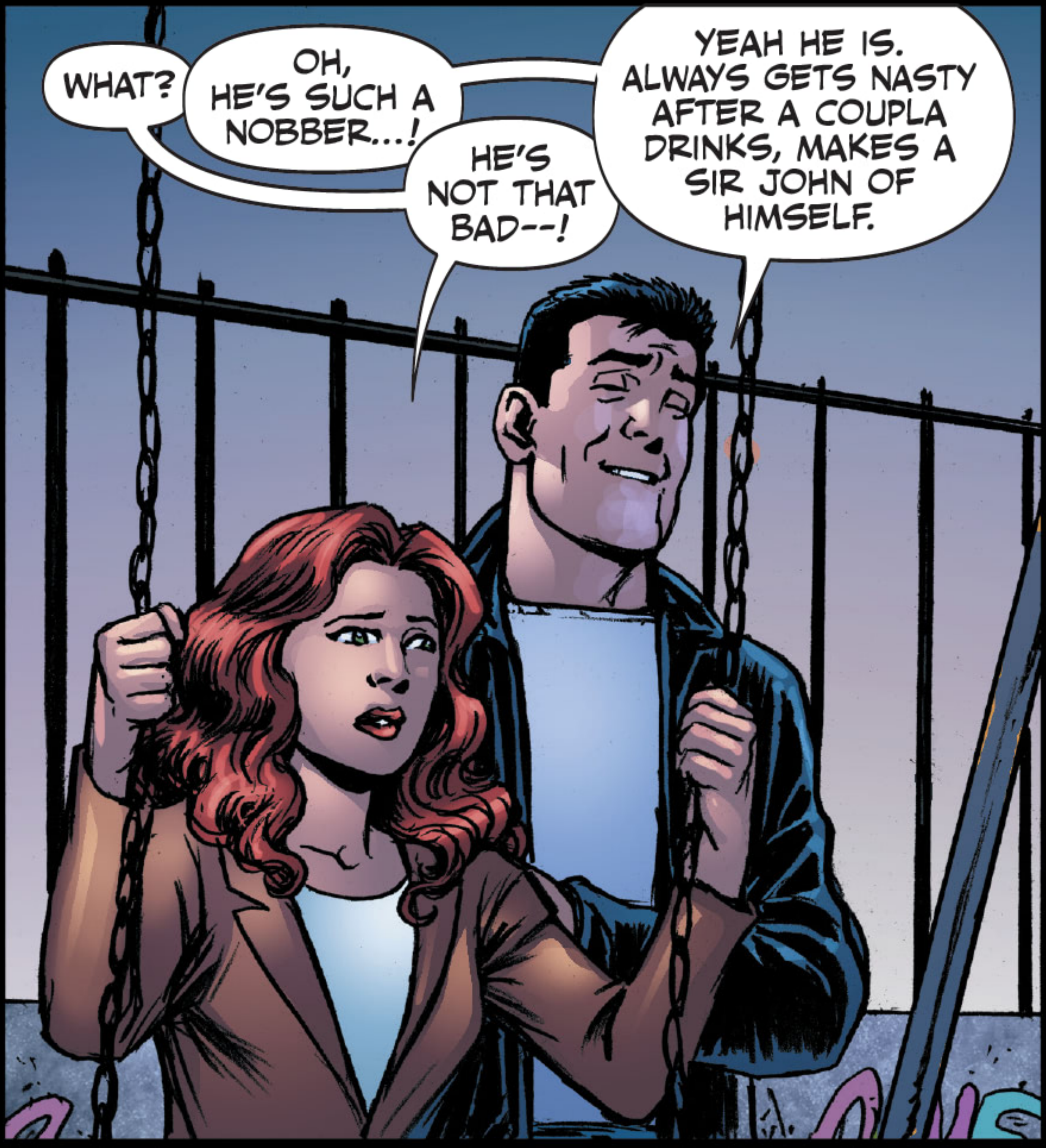
WHATTHEFUCKISIT
WHOA--!
HONESTLY, SON, I'M SURPRISED YOU'RE SURPRISED.
AAAAAAAAAH!
YOU THINK I WOULDN'T EXPECT YOU TO BE PISSED OFF AFTER WHAT I DONE TO YOU THE OTHER DAY?
AAAAAAAAAH!
WOULDN'T EXPECT *SOMETHIN'*, AT LEAST? WOULDN'T PLAN AHEAD?
AAA--!
AN' SPEAKIN' OF THE OTHER DAY... WELL...WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO ABOUT THIS?
JESUS, WHY WON'T IT HOLD STILL--?
I MEAN AFTER WHAT YOU JUST TRIED TO DO, I CAN HARDLY LET YOU OFF WITH A BIT OF A SLAP...

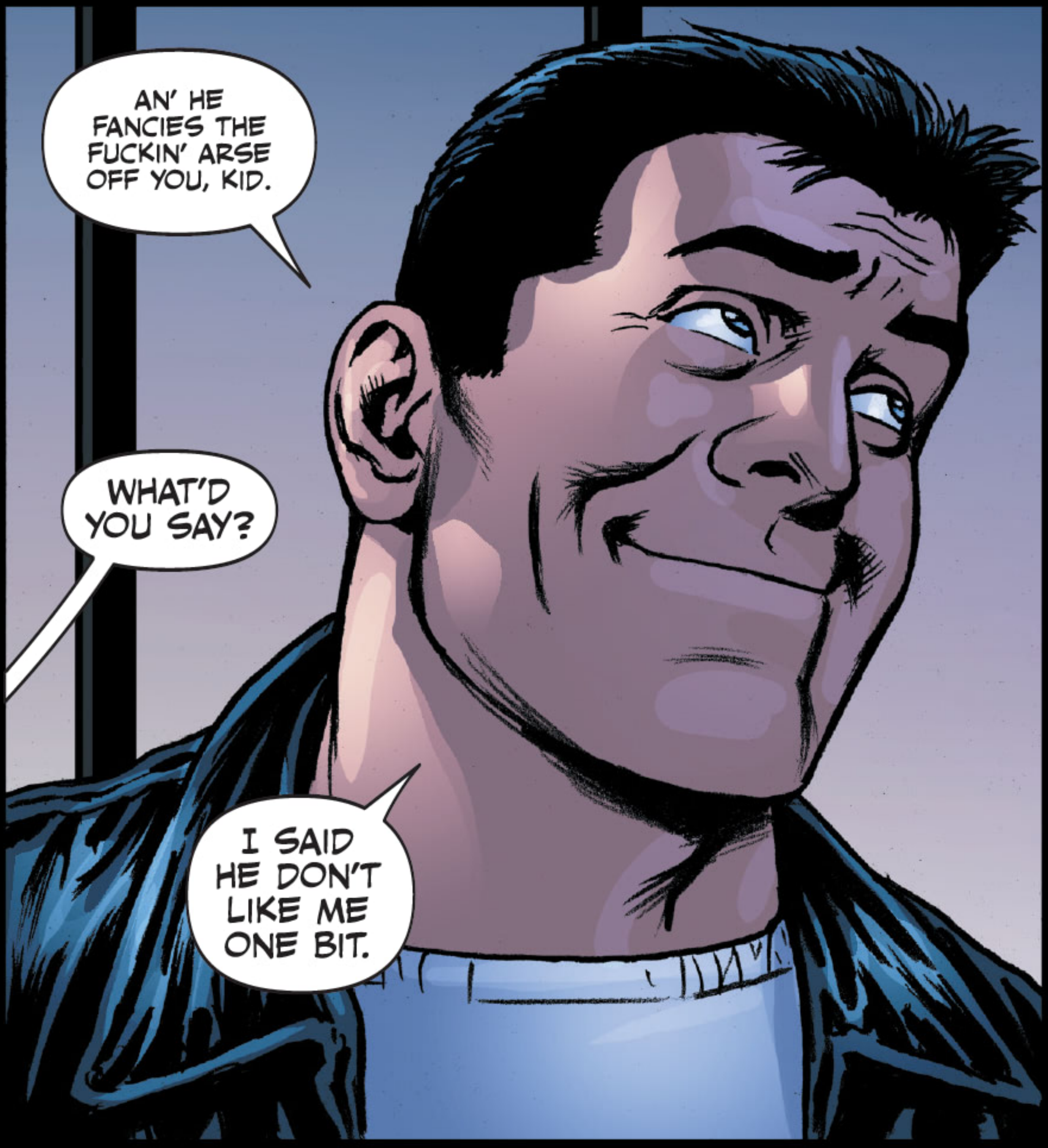
M'SIEU CHARCUTER...!
OH, THERE HE IS!
I CALL ON THE FIRE OF ASGARD TO-- OKAY, FUCK THIS!
FAO
SHWARTZ
WHERE THE BLOODY HELL'VE YOU BEEN?
UH, DESOLE, M'SIEU. LA FEMME INSISTED.
INSISTED ON WHAT? OH, FUCKIN' STROLL ON...!
M'SIEU CHARCUTER, SHE WAS MOST UPSET...I COULD NOT RISK ANOTHER WITHDRAWAL, PERHAPS THIS TIME BEYOND EVEN THE REACH OF LES CITRONS VERT DU CHOCOLAT...I KNEW HOW MUCH YOU NEEDED HER TODAY...
YOU SEE THE BOLLOCKS I HAVE TO PUT UP WITH?

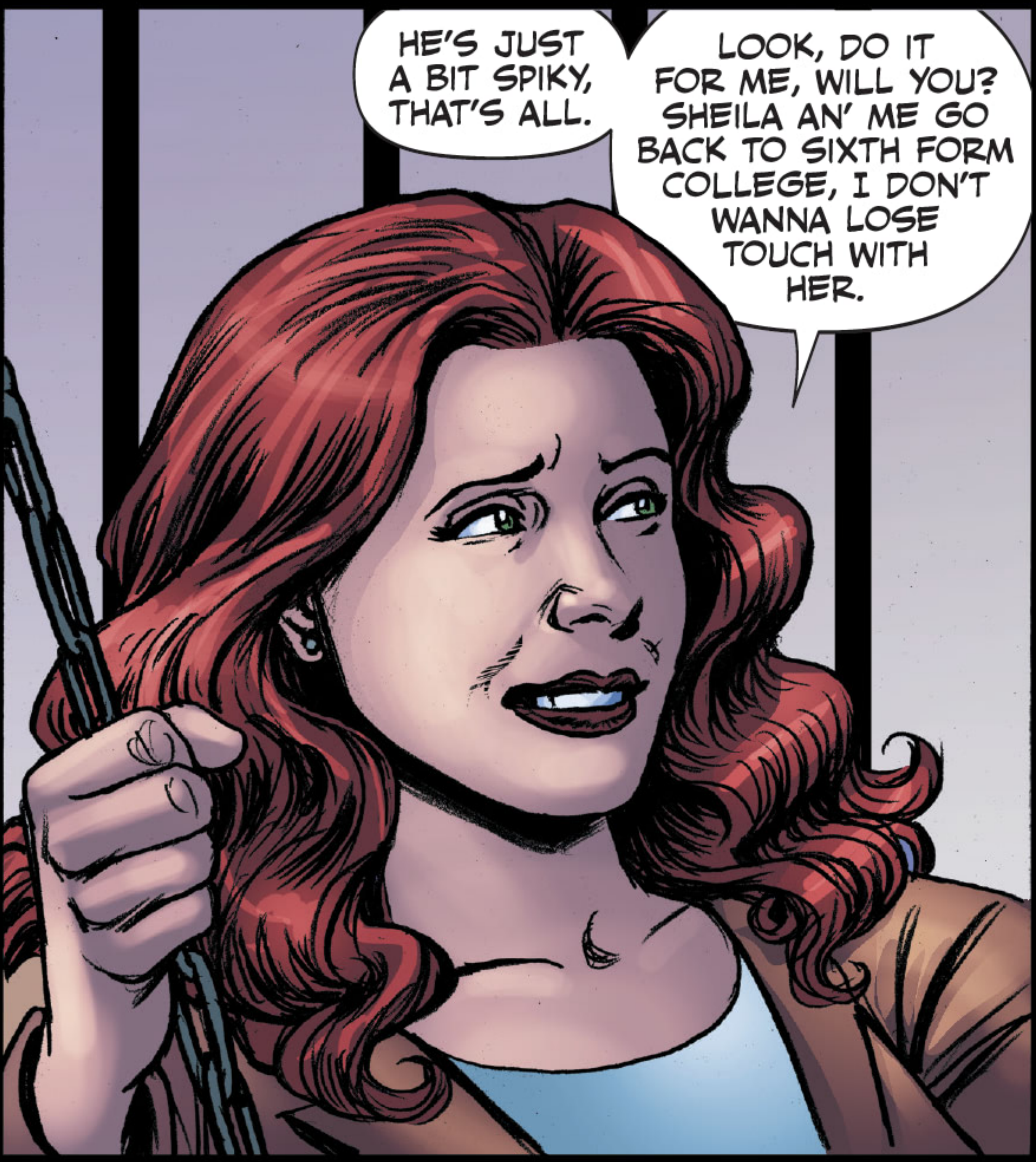
NON, *NON*... FIRST ON SE LAVE LES MAINS, OUI?
C'MON.
STORMFRONT. YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO GO AN' TALK TO HIM.
GET HIM TALKIN' ABOUT THE GRAND SAVANNA. AN' BAXTER-PUGH WHEN HE WAS AT V.A.P., THERE'S A CONNECTION THERE.
OH, MAN...!
BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE!
I NEED SOMETHIN' SOLID, SOMETHIN' I CAN USE TO PUT A BIT O' PRESSURE ON THE BASTARD...
HE LOOKS AT YOU-- STORMFRONT, I MEAN--HE LOOKS AT YOU IF YOU STAND THERE LONG ENOUGH, AND YOU FEEL LIKE YOU'RE A GNAT BUZZING AROUND HIM!
LIKE YOU'VE FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN PISSING HIM OFF ENOUGH TO NOTICE YOU, AND NOW HE'S GOING TO SWAT YOU, *CRUSH YOU*--AND--
SORTA LIKE THAT, D'YOU THINK?
OH, *GOD*...!
LOOK, THIS AIN'T EVEN ABOUT STORMFRONT, ANYWAY. ALL YOU'VE GOTTA DO IS TALK TO HIM.
OH, JESUS.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?

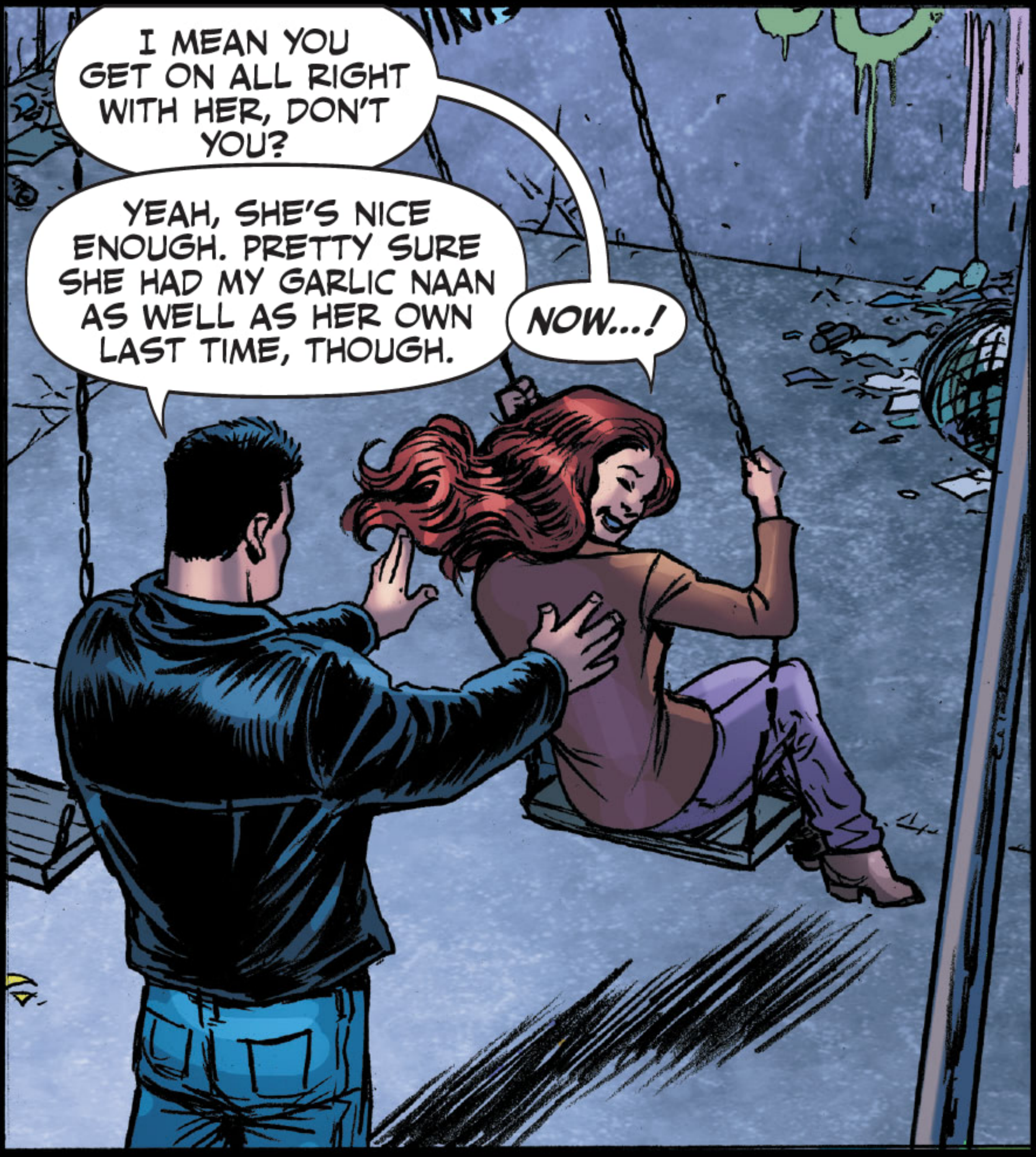
EH?
YOU SAID...
OH, YEAH. WELL, I NEED YOU MORE OR LESS INTACT TO TALK TO THE BIG JERRY, DON'T I?
FAO SCHWARTZ
YOU MEAN--?
GONNA LOOK A BIT FUNNY IF I SEND YOU BACK WITH YER BALLS TIED ROUND YER NECK, OR WHATEVER. YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH EXPLAININ' TO DO AS IT IS.
ONE DEAD, TWO PROBABLY, ONE IN A COMA...WHAT'D YOU SAY HAPPENED TO YOUR FACE THERE, BY THE WAY?
UM... FREEBASING...
GOOD MAN.
I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF YOU EVER--
NO! NO, YOU DON'T! NEVER AGAIN, I SWEAR TO CHRIST! ***NEVER!***
OFF YOU GO, THEN.
YOU GOTTA LEAVE ME ALONE, LUV.
YOU'RE GONNA GET ME KILLED.


BY THE WAY, I SAID WE'D MEET GUY AND SHEILA FOR A CURRY TOMORROW NIGHT...
AW, BLOODY HELL.


WHAT?
OH, HE'S SUCH A NOBBER...!
HE'S NOT THAT BAD--!
YEAH HE IS. ALWAYS GETS NASTY AFTER A COUPLA DRINKS, MAKES A SIR JOHN OF HIMSELF.


AN' HE FANCIES THE FUCKIN' ARSE OFF YOU, KID.
WHAT'D YOU SAY?
I SAID HE DON'T LIKE ME ONE BIT.


HE'S JUST A BIT SPIKY, THAT'S ALL.
LOOK, DO IT FOR ME, WILL YOU? SHEILA AN' ME GO BACK TO SIXTH FORM COLLEGE, I DON'T WANNA LOSE TOUCH WITH HER.


I MEAN YOU GET ON ALL RIGHT WITH HER, DON'T YOU?
YEAH, SHE'S NICE ENOUGH. PRETTY SURE SHE HAD MY GARLIC NAAN AS WELL AS HER OWN LAST TIME, THOUGH.
NOW...!

WELL, SHE'S A GROWIN' GIRL.
JESUS CHRIST...
YOU KNOW, I THINK THEM KIDS MIGHT WANT THEIR SWINGS BACK.
AH, GIVE 'EM A TUBE O' GLUE TO PLAY WITH. THEY'LL BE FINE.
COME ON...!
YOU KNOW THAT BLOKE WE WERE TALKIN' ABOUT? THE MARINE?
UH, THE ONE YOU SAID YOU SAW IN THE PAPER?
YEAH, YOU KNOW...
LOOK AT THAT. I WEREN'T FAR OFF.
OH, GOD ALMIGHTY--!
AIN'T YOU GONNA DO NOTHIN' ABOUT IT? BECKY BUTCHER, SOCIAL WORKER?

LET'S JUST SAY I'M OFF DUTY. ANYWAY, THIS BLOKE.
FREDDIE CALDWELL, HE WAS IN L COMPANY.
I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T LIKE HEARIN' ABOUT THIS STUFF?
I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T WANNA HEAR ANY WAR STORIES, IT AIN'T EXACTLY THE SAME THING.
THE ARTICLE SAID THIS POOR BLOKE KILLED HIMSELF. 'CAUSE OF THE THINGS HE SEEN IN THE FALKLANDS.
YEAH, BUT FREDDIE WAS BLOODY MENTAL TO BEGIN WITH, HE...
BECKY, I AM *NOT* GONNA TOP MESELF...!
I MEAN I'M HAPPY, I HONESTLY COULDN'T BE HAPPIER. I'M OFF THE BOOZE, ME MUM'S AWAY FROM ME DAD...I'VE GOT ***YOU...***
I KNOW ALL THAT. BUT IT'S LIKE I WAS SAYIN' THE OTHER DAY, ALL THE STUFF YOU SEEN AN' DONE OVER THERE DON'T JUST GO AWAY.
FUCK THATCHER
LOOK, I AIN'T SAYIN' I FORGOT IT ALL OR NOTHIN', BUT IT DON'T BOTHER ME. I JUST--I SHUT IT AWAY.
IN A BOX. LIKE IN A BOX IN YER MIND, YOU SHUT IT AN' YOU CHUCK AWAY THE KEY.
WELL--YEAH...

YOU DON'T, BILLY.
HOW D'YOU KNOW...?
BECAUSE THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO CAN *REALLY* DO THAT ARE NUTTERS, AN' THAT AIN'T YOU.
HEH. WELL--
I AIN'T JOKIN'.
YOU'D BE COLD. RUTHLESS. EMPTY. AN' THAT'D BE ALL THERE WAS TO YOU.
ALL THE GOOD STUFF BETWEEN US WOULD JUST BE AN ACT.
THIS AIN'T NO ACT, LUV.
NO, I KNOW.
ALL RIGHT, YOU DON'T WANT ME TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT-- BUT YOU WANT ME TO DO *SOMETHIN'*, YEAH?
I WOULDN'T BE NO GOOD TO YOU ANYWAY, I'VE GOT NO IDEA ABOUT WHAT YOU WENT THROUGH OVER THERE.
BUT THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO DO.

SEE, THEY SAY THE ONE THING THAT REALLY HELPS IF YOU'VE SUFFERED A TRAUMA--
SUFFERED A TRAUMA?
IT'S JUST WHAT THEY CALL IT. THEY SAY WHAT HELPS THE MOST IS *TALKIN'*--TO PEOPLE WHO'VE BEEN THROUGH THE SAME SORTA THINGS YOU HAVE.
AN' I'VE LOOKED INTO THIS, THERE'S THESE GROUPS OF VETERANS, RIGHT? SOME FROM THE FALKLANDS, SOME FROM NORTHERN IRELAND OR WHEREVER...
AN' THEY GET TOGETHER IN A GROUP AN' THEY TALK--
AW, THAT'S FOR *WANKERS...!*
I'M GLAD YOU'RE KEEPIN' AN OPEN MIND...
YOU CAN'T HONESTLY SEE ME DOIN' THAT, CAN YOU?
SITTIN' AROUND IN A CIRCLE MOPIN' AN' WHININ'? *UM, 'SCUSE ME, IS IT MY TURN TO CRY NOW?*
BILLY, I KNOW YOU DON'T THINK SO, BUT THIS IS REAL.
NOW MAYBE YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TROUBLE WITH IT AN' MAYBE YOU AIN'T, BUT IF YOU DO YOU'RE GONNA NEED *SOMETHIN'* TO GET YOU THROUGH IT...
I'VE GOT SOMETHIN'.
WHUP!

I'VE GOT THIS GIRL.
AN' EVERY TIME I SEE HER, HER HAIR LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE THE SUNSET.
AN' IF YOU EVER TELL *ANYONE* I SAID THAT, LENNY OR ANY O' THEM, I'M...GONNA HAVE TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY.
PROMISE ME YOU'LL THINK ABOUT IT?
I'LL THINK ABOUT IT.
YOU TAKE ME HOME NOW?
BLOODY RIGHT I WILL.

DUDE?
MM...?
DUDE, UH, WE WERE JUST WONDERING...HOW ARE YOU ALLOWED TO HAVE HIM HERE?
HOW D'YOU MEAN?
WELL LIKE WE TALKED TO MRS. O'HARA ABOUT GETTING A CAT, LIKE WE WERE REALLY RESPECTFUL ABOUT IT, AND SHE SAID *NO WAY...*
YEAH, SHE WAS REALLY KINDA MEAN...
AH, SHE'S ALL RIGHT.
NOT TO US SHE WASN'T.
SO--LIKE HOW'D YOU SWING IT?
WELL, THE FACT O' THE MATTER IS...THE BLOKE WHO HAD YOUR PLACE BEFORE YOU DID, HE WAS A BIT OF A CUNT.
OH YEAH?
YEAH, HE WAS A NASTY BASTARD. JUNKIE. KEPT THE PLACE LIKE A FUCKIN' PIGSTY, GOT BEHIND ON THE RENT--I MEAN WE'RE TALKIN' MONTHS AN' MONTHS.
SHE WENT ROUND TO ASK HIM ABOUT IT, AN' HE WENT RIGHT OVER THE BLEEDIN' TOP WITH HER...

HE TOLD HER HE WAS H.I.V. POSITIVE, AN' IF SHE DIDN'T PISS OFF HE'D CUT HIMSELF AN' SPRAY IT ON HER.
IF SHE TRIED TO HAVE HIM EVICTED OR CALLED THE OL' BILL, HE'D JUST COME BACK AN' GET HER LATER ON.
MOTHERFUCKER...
SO DID YOU LIKE *TALK* TO HIM...?
NAH, I DIDN'T SAY A WORD TO HIM. I CHUCKED HIM OUT HIS KITCHEN WINDOW AN' BROKE HIS FUCKIN' BACK.
AFTER THAT OL' TERROR HERE WAS AS WELCOME AS CAN BE.
L
SEE YOU.
...NOT REALLY ON, IS IT, MATE?
NOT REALLY ON AT ALL.

VOICI UN BON MORCEAU.
BAXTER-PUGH SAYS--I REALLY DON'T THINK THIS IS THE TIME TO DISCUSS IT...
LA TEEN TEMPTRESS SAYS--WELL, WHEN IS THE TIME TO BLEEDING WELL DISCUSS IT?
BAXTER-PUGH SAYS SOMETHING THE MICROPHONE DOES NOT PICK UP, BUT TEEN TEMPTRESS INTERRUPTS...
THAT CUNT AT VOUGHT, HE TOLD ME THEY WAS NOT A LEGITIMATE EXPENSE BECAUSE THEY AIN'T ON SHOW.
ON SHOW. ON FUCKING SHOW. THEY WON'T PAY TO SORT THEM OUT BECAUSE I DON'T RUN AROUND WITH THEM HANGING OUT LIKE SOME TART DOWN... BERMONDSEY WAY?
YEAH, JUST GO ON, MATE.
TE
ING POOF
J.B.P. TRIES ONCE MORE, BUT THE LADY IS HAVING NONE OF IT--I PULLED THAT BLACK LAD WITH THE ROBOT BITS LAST YEAR, AND WHEN I TOOK ME TOP OFF HE STARTED PUKING UP HYDRAULIC FLUID.
AND I DON'T BLAME THE POOR CUNT. WHEN IS SOMEONE GOING TO FUCKING WELL DO SOMETHING?

WHAT DOES HE SAY?
AH...AFTER THIS YOU'LL BE ABLE TO PAY FOR IT YOURSELF, YOU CAN CHANGE THEM WHATEVER WAY YOU LIKE...
THEN THEY TALK ABOUT ROYALTIES AGAIN. IT JUST GETS BORING.
FUCKIN' HELL. I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE GRATEFUL FOR THE SUPES.
OUI...?
WELL, AT LEAST THEY'RE ENTERTAININ', AIN'T THEY?
I MEAN IMAGINE IF WE WAS UP AGAINST SOME LOADA BORIN' BASTARDS, UH... WHO'S THE BADDIES NOWADAYS, GENERALLY?
WELL... WE WON THE COLD WAR, SO...
I DUNNO, IN THE MOVIES THEY ALWAYS KINDA FALL BACK ON ARAB TERRORISTS?
THERE YOU GO. IMAGINE BUGGIN' THEIR H.Q., I MEAN THE CUNTS DON'T EVEN DRINK.
GOD IS GREAT-- HERE, ABDUL, DID YOU REMEMBER TO GET THEM BOMBS SORTED OUT, SON?
AH, SORRY, LADS-- GOD IS GREAT. I COMPLETELY FUCKIN' FORGOT.
FUCKIN' HELL, ABDUL, NOT AGAIN! GOD IS GREAT.
OH, SPEAKIN' O' BUGS--I STUCK ONE ON VIKOR'S HELMET WHEN THE FEMALE WAS GIVIN' HIS MATES A SPANKIN'. JUST IN CASE YOU TWIG WHEN YOU'RE DOIN' INVENTORY.

'FUCK YOU DO THAT FOR?
SO IF HE BOTTLES IT WITH STORMFRONT AN' TRIES TO FEED ME A LOAD OF OL' BOLLOCKS, I'LL KNOW.
AN' IF THE BIG LAD DOES LOSE THE HEAD WITH HIM, WELL, MAYBE WE'LL STILL GET SOMETHIN' WORTH HAVIN'...
M'SIEU CHARCUTER, LE COLONEL WILL NOT LIKE THIS...!
YOU KNOW HE INSISTS ON *GREAT CARE* WHEN PLACING BUGS...IF ONE IS DISCOVERED, IT COULD LEAD TO *OUR* DISCOVERY--AND THEN LE CHAT SERA SORTI DU SAC...
WELL, WHAT HE DON'T KNOW WON'T HURT HIM, WILL IT?
BUTCHER, MAN, YOU KNOW THAT AIN'T THE WAY IT WORKS.
I MEAN ORDERS ARE ORDERS, PROCEDURE IS PROCEDURE, OTHERWISE THE WHOLE GODDAMN THING COLLAPSES...YOU KNOW WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT, YOU WERE IN THE MILITARY...
WE ALL WAS, MATE. EXCEPT HERSELF OVER THERE.
LOOK, I KNEW IF I TRIED TO CLEAR IT WITH MALLORY THERE'D BE A WHOLE SONG AN' DANCE, AN' I JUST DIDN'T HAVE THE TIME. AN' ORDERS ARE ORDERS--WELL, OFFICERS LIKE THAT SHIT 'COS IT WORKS FOR THEM, DON'T THEY?
FOR THE REST OF US IT JUST GETS IN THE BLEEDIN' WAY...
HUH.
I HAVE NOT THOUGHT OF IT PRECISELY LIKE THAT BEFORE. OF LE COLONEL AS THE OFFICER, AND US...AS...
THEN HOW COME YOU KEEP ON CALLIN' HIM *COLONEL?*

I MEAN I AIN'T SAYIN' HE'S A BAD OFFICER. I'VE KNOWN BOTH SORTS.
BLOKE RAN MY PLATOON WHEN WE WENT DOWN TO THE SOUTH ATLANTIC WAS ALL RIGHT. BUT HE GOT REPLACED AT THE LAST MINUTE BY THIS TOTAL ARSEHOLE, STEPPED ON A MINE IN THE FIRST FIVE MINUTES O' THE ATTACK...
DID YOU... HOW DO YOU SAY, DID YOU FRAG HIM?
NO...!
OH, I JUST THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE THE SORT OF THING THAT YOU WOULD DO.
JESUS, FRENCHIE, YOU'VE GOT A DARK FUCKIN' VIEW O' ME!
I DUNNO...
JESUS CHRIST!
SO, YOU ARE SURE THAT YOU DID NOT FRAG THIS MAN?
YEAH, I'M SURE.
CERTAIN?
WELL IF I WAS AS MUCH OF A CUNT AS YOU SEEM TO THINK I AM, I'D HARDLY HAVE ANY TROUBLE TELLIN' YOU I DID, WOULD I?
TRUE ENOUGH.
WHY DO I GET THE IDEA... YOU WERE EVER IN CHARGE... YOU'D EXPECT US TO FOLLOW YOUR ORDERS NO MATTER WHAT?

IF WHO WAS IN CHARGE?
THOMPSON & GARAND INDUSTR IMPO
ME.
THAT'LL BE THE DAY.
ANYTHING NEW TO REPORT?
UH, YEAH... FRENCHIE'S GOT THE TRANSCRIPTS IF YOU WANNA TAKE A LOOK...
JUST TELL ME.
THINK WE WERE RIGHT ABOUT BAXTER-PUGH.
THEY ASKED HIM THREE TIMES WHEN THEY GO INTO ACTION. HE KEEPS SAYIN' BE PATIENT, ONLY BEEN A COUPLA DAYS.
SKORCHERS
NOW, VOUGHT WANTS TO SHOWCASE A NEW TEAM, USUALLY THEY STAGE A FIGHT WIT' A VILLAIN OR TWO. EASY AS HELL TO ARRANGE. BUT J.B.P. GETTIN' MORE PISSY EACH TIME THEY PUSH HIM ON THIS...
BECAUSE VOUGHT WON'T PLAY BALL.
BE MY GUESS.
SUPERHUMAN DEVELOPMENT CONTROL THE SUPES. AND THERE IS NO BENEFIT WHATSOEVER FOR THEM IN BAXTER-PUGH'S EXPERIMENT WITH THE SKORCHERS SUCCEEDING.
QUITE THE OPPOSITE, IN FACT.

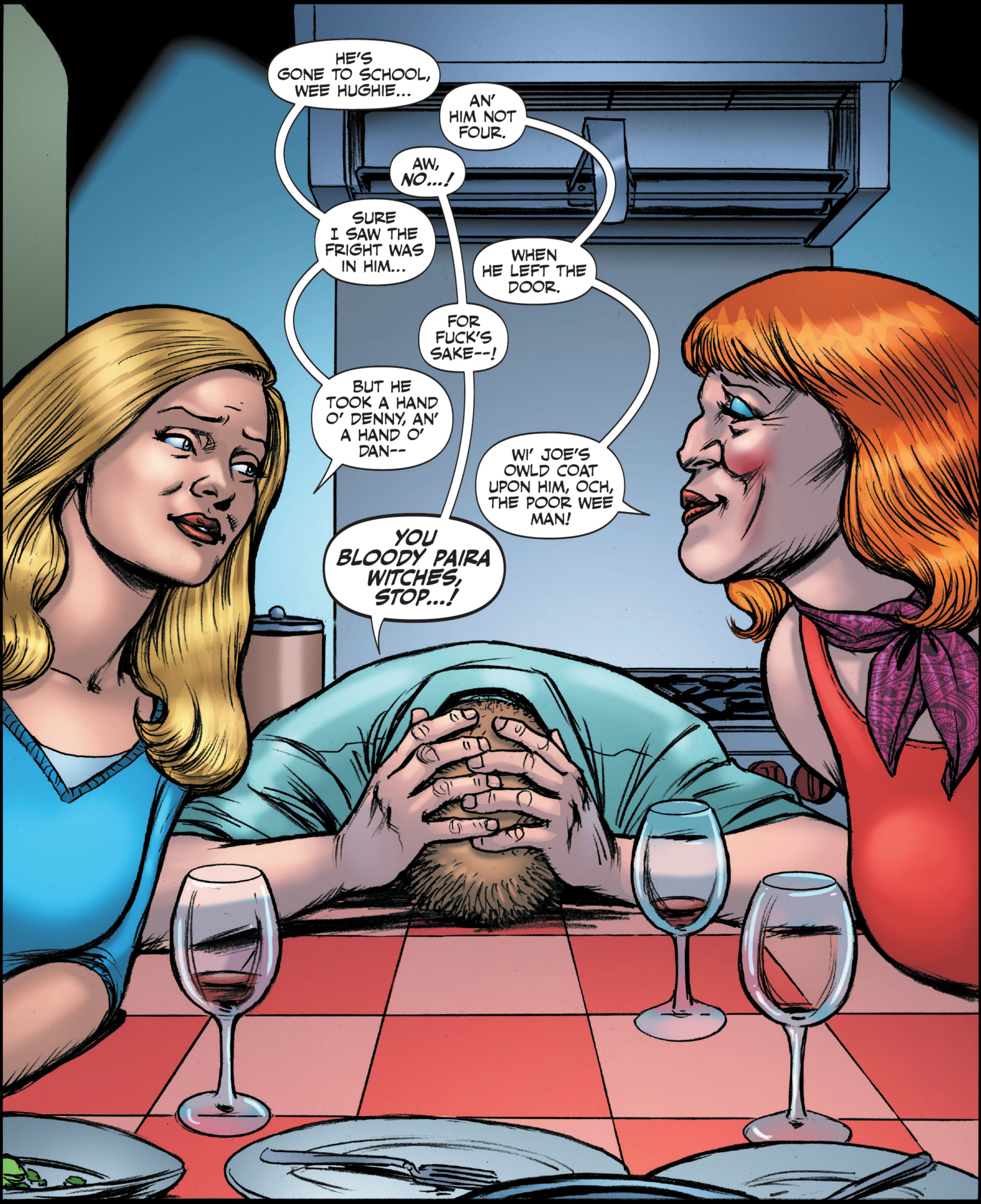
VOUGHT WON'T PLAY BALL. SO WHAT DOES HE DO?
HE EITHER PRAYS FOR SOME SORTA NATURAL DISASTER--WHICH IS CHANCEY EVEN IF IT DOES HAPPEN, 'COS THIS MOB COULDN'T STOP A STRAY FART--
OR HE COMES UP WITH HIS OWN SUPES.
JUST LIKE THAT...?
I DON'T MEAN REAL ONES; ALL HE HAS TO DO IS DRESS UP HALF A DOZEN ACTORS OR WHATEVER AN' CALL 'EM THE BROTHERHOOD OF CUNTS.
SKORCHERS DO THE JOB RIGHT HE WON'T EVEN HAVE TO PAY 'EM. AN' SO LONG AS THE MEDIA'VE BEEN TIPPED OFF...
SEX
TEEN TEMPTRESS
PONCING
THE NEW TEAM IS WELL AND TRULY LAUNCHED. AND SUPERHUMAN DEVELOPMENT CAN'T DO A DAMN THING ABOUT IT.
IT WOULD OBVIOUSLY BE IN OUR INTERESTS TO MAKE SURE THIS GOES OFF WITHOUT A HITCH.
THUGG
HANG ON, WE WANT ANOTHER TEAM O' SUPES OUT THERE?
WE WANT TO STIR THE POT. THE GREATER VOUGHT'S INTERNAL PROBLEMS, THE EASIER OUR JOB.
WHY WOULD LES, LES GRANDES ENCHILADAS AT VOUGHT-AMERICAN ENCOURAGE SUCH STRIFE...?
IT'S THAT THEORY OF CORPORATE COMPETITION YIELDING THE BEST RESULTS. THESE PEOPLE PROBABLY MAKE THEIR KIDS FIGHT OVER PRESENTS ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.
IF BUTCHER'S RIGHT, THIS'LL HAPPEN SOONER RATHER THAN LATER...M.M., AS SOON AS THE BUGS YIELD ANYTHING I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT IT, UNDERSTOOD?

YOU'VE BEEN GONE FOR YEARS, LOVE.
WHY IS IT YOU'RE ON MY MIND SO MUCH NOW?
I'VE BEEN CRACKING SKULLS FOR MALLORY ALL THIS TIME. I'VE EVEN SLIT THE ODD THROAT. I GET WHAT I WANT AND HE GETS WHAT HE WANTS, AND ONE DAY I'LL EVEN GET A GO AT THE BASTARD I'M REALLY AFTER.
I TWIGGED THAT A LONG TIME BACK.
I KNOW IT'S NOT FOR YOU, IT'S ALL FOR ME.
SO WHY NOW?
I THINK IT'S BECAUSE YOU KNOW WHAT I KNOW.
AND WHAT I KNOW, OR WHAT I COME TO UNDERSTAND, IS CRACKING SKULLS ISN'T ENOUGH NO MORE. NEITHER'S THE ODD THROAT.
NOT WHEN IT COMES TO THE SUPES.

THAT'S GOING TO TAKE A FUCK OF A LOT MORE.
ANNIE JANUARY
OH, JESUS.
OH, CHRIST.
NO WONDER SHE'S ON YOUR MIND.
YOU'VE JUST DECIDED YOU'RE GONNA KILL THEM ALL.

ISSUE FIVE | COVER BY DARICK ROBERTSON

DARICK 2020


HE'S GONE TO SCHOOL, WEE HUGHIE...
SURE I SAW THE FRIGHT WAS IN HIM...
BUT HE TOOK A HAND O' DENNY, AN' A HAND O' DAN--
AN' HIM NOT FOUR.
WHEN HE LEFT THE DOOR.
WI' JOE'S OWLD COAT UPON HIM, OCH, THE POOR WEE MAN!
AW, *NO...!*
FOR FUCK'S SAKE--!
YOU BLOODY PAIRA WITCHES, STOP...!

5: WEDNESDAY

THIS WAS *YOUR IDEA,* WASN'T IT? YOU'VE ALWAYS LOVED GANGIN' UP ON ME WI' WHOEVER WAS HANDY, AS FAR BACK AS I CAN REMEMBER...
AH, YES AN' NO, WEE MAN. CERTAINLY GUILTY ON THE SECOND CHARGE, BUT IN THIS INSTANCE THE ACTUAL *CHOICE* O' TORMENT WAS MADE BY YER FIANCÉ, MS. JANUARY...
VERY TRUE, BOBBI.
BUT PLEASE, KENNEDY, NOT JANUARY. DON'T FORGET I'M UNDERCOVER.
AYE, WELL BASE TREACHERY, THAT'S WHAT THAT IS!
HOW ABOUT I OPEN ANOTHER BOTTLE?
AYE, GO ON, THEN.
FEE... AN...SAY...
RED OR WHITE?
RED--!
AH, COME TO THINK OF IT, SHOULDN'T THE GENTLEMAN OPEN THE WINE? WHILE WE LADIES ATTEND TO MORE LADYLIKE THINGS?
QUITE RIGHT.
HAPPY TO.

AYE, THAT'S THE WAY...TURN THE BOTTLE, NO' THE CORK...
JESUS CHRIST, WOULD YOU *EVER* FUCK OFF--?
YE SHOULDAE SEEN HIM WHEN WE WERE LADDIES, ANNIE. HE COULDNAE EVEN GET THE TOP OFF A BOTTLE O' BABYCHAM-- *BOBBY, WILL YOU NO' DAE IT, MA HANDS MUST BE WET...*
YOU UNBELIVABLE C--
NOW, NOW.
SORRY...!
OH, I'M NO' THAT BOTHERED. I MEAN I DO HAVE ONE, AFTER ALL.
MM?
WELL, FROM A CERTAIN POINT O' VIEW, I AM ACTUALLY THE PROUD POSSESSOR OF AN UNBELIEVABLE CUNT...
JESUS CHRIST...!
I HAD SOME BAD NEWS ON THAT FRONT, BUT. FUN WEE ARTICLE I WAS READIN' TODAY.
OH AYE?
WELL THIS WOULD NEVER HAVE OCCURRED TAE ME, BUT SOME O' THE MEDICATION I HAVE TAE TAKE IS IMPORTED FROM COUNTRIES IN THE E.U.. AN' WI' THIS LATEST BOLLOCKS, IT MIGHT APPARENTLY BECOME EXPENSIVE. *PROHIBITIVELY* EXPENSIVE.
THAT'S IF THEY KEEP BRINGIN' IT IN AT AW'.

THAT IS SO FUCKED UP.
THERE'S WAYS AN' MEANS, LIKE, BUT YE DON'T WANNA BE MESSIN' AROUND WI' THAT STUFF. SPIRONOLACRONE AN' ESTROGEN--I START USIN' SOME BLACK MARKET SHITE AN' YE'RE TALKIN' BLOOD CLOTS, HEART TROUBLE, ALL SORTSAE THINGS...
OH JESUS, BOBBI.
I AM SO SORRY.
IT'S NO' YOUR FAULT, WEE MAN.
WELL...
YOU-- WAIT A MINUTE, IS THIS NO'--
IT'S OKAY, BOBBI, HE EVENTUALLY TOLD ME THE TRUTH.
THAT TIME.
ALL RIGHT, HUGHIE: AS I HAVE OFTEN SAID BEFORE, YOU ARE NO' RESPONSIBLE FOR ME GETTIN' MY NOB CHOPPED OFF. I *FOLLOWED YOU* INTAE THAT RIDICULOUS GANGFUCK.
FURTHER, YOU ARE NO' RESPONSIBLE FOR MY SUBSEQUENT TRANSITIONING, WHICH IT MUST BE REALLY FUCKIN' OBVIOUS BY NOW *I WANTED TAE DO...*
I KEN THAT...
IT'S NO' ALWAYS ABOOT YOU, HUGHIE. YE BLOODY EGOMANIAC.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, BOBBI?
OCH, I'LL BE AW'RIGHT, ANNIE...!
WE'RE ALL GONNA BE ALL RIGHT.
BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO *DO?*

...THE PAYBACK MANSION, THAT SHITTY OLD HOUSE ON THE BEACH? AND THEY HAVE THIS WEIRD-LOOKING DUDE I THINK IS THE BUTLER, HE FUCKING CUPPED MY BALLS WHEN HE TOOK MY CAPE...!
OH YEAH?
YEAH, HE... I MEAN...
WELL, ANYWAY. WE KIND OF HIT THE JACKPOT ON THIS ONE.
SOUNDS GOOD.
YEAH, THAT DUDE BAXTER-PUGH WAS *THERE.*
WAS HE NOW?
SAY ON.
OKAY, SO THEY MADE ME *WAIT,* RIGHT? I HAD TO SIT IN THE HALL UNTIL STORMFRONT CALLED ME IN, I ALMOST GOT STUCK WITH SOLDIER BOY AND HE IS SUCH A *WHINY BITCH...*
AND SOMEONE STARTS SHOUTING IN THE NEXT ROOM, LIKE RAISED VOICES GETTING LOUDER, AND ONE OF THEM'S STORMFRONT AND THE OTHER IS SOME ENGLISH GUY--AND LIKE I GRADUALLY REALIZE IT'S ACTUALLY *HIM...!*
HOW?
WELL I MEAN IT'S OBVIOUS FROM WHAT THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT, BUT AFTERWARDS HE WALKS RIGHT PAST ME ON HIS WAY OUT. HE DOESN'T EVEN LOOK AT ME, BUT THERE'S JUST NO MISTAKING THAT STUCK-UP PRICK!
BUT THIS IS THE COOL PART, I COULD HEAR EVERYTHING THEY SAID. I GOT EXACTLY WHAT WE WANTED, YOU KNOW?

FIRST THING I HEAR IS STORMFRONT SAYING *NO,* LIKE LOUD, AS IF HE'S SAID IT BEFORE AND HE'S PISSED OFF HAVING TO SAY IT AGAIN. AND THEN J.B.P., HE SAYS--HEY, I CAME ALL THE WAY HERE OUT OF RESPECT FOR YOU, I THOUGHT WE *HAD* SOMETHING...
THAT'S WHEN STORMFRONT REALLY GETS SERIOUS. HE'S LIKE ***WE HAVE NOTHING, WE NEVER DID,*** AND BAXTER-PUGH'S LIKE ***COME ON, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS...***
HE SAYS-- DO YOU HONESTLY THINK IF I SAY ***GRAND SAVANNA*** THE WORLD'S GOING TO END, AND STORMFRONT'S LIKE--IT WILL FOR YOU, ENGLANDER. I MEAN HE CALLS HIM ***ENGLANDER,*** YOU KNOW?
AND J.B.P. SAYS ***OH COME ON*** AND JUST STARTS LAUGHING...!
IT'S LIKE HE'S NOT SCARED, YOU KNOW? HE'S NOT SCARED OF THIS MOTHERFUCKER COULD PROBABLY GIVE THE ***HOMELANDER*** A RUN FOR HIS MONEY!
THEN THEY'RE QUIET. I GUESS THEY'RE PROBABLY STARING EACH OTHER DOWN.
AND THEN J.B.P. SAYS--I'LL REMEMBER THIS, AND STORMFRONT SAYS--OH, SO WILL I, BELIEVE ME.
AND J.B.P. SAYS-- JUST REMEMBER I GAVE YOU A CHANCE TO GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR.
AND THEN HE LEAVES.
SO HOW'D YOU GET ON WITH STORMFRONT YERSELF?
OH... WELL...

I MEAN TO BE HONEST WITH YOU I THOUGHT THAT'D BE EVERYTHING YOU WANTED, YOU KNOW, LIKE YOU TALKED ABOUT A CONNECTION BETWEEN BAXTER-PUGH AND THE GRAND SAVANNA...
UH, I ASKED STORMFRONT WHO THE BRIT WITH THE STICK UP HIS ASS WAS, AND HE SAID *JUST SOME PIECE OF SHIT...*
SO I ASKED HIM WHAT THE GUY WANTED AND HE SAID--THE STUPID FUCK WANTED ME TO DRESS UP LIKE THE GRIM REAPER AND PLAY-FIGHT HIS NEW TEAM OF SUPER-FAGGOTS.
AND THEN... WELL, IT WAS LIKE HE REMEMBERED I WAS THERE--HE WAS A LITTLE BIT DISTRACTED, YOU KNOW?
HE ASKED ME WHAT I WANTED AND I SAID, UH, JUST CHECKING IN...I GOTTA ADMIT, MY MIND KIND OF WENT BLANK AT THAT POINT, AFTER EVERYTHING. I JUST DIDN'T--
WELL, HE TOLD ME TO FUCK OFF, AND I GOT THE IMPRESSION HE FORGOT ALL ABOUT ME AGAIN.
AND HERE I AM.
WELL?
PRETTY MUCH HOW HE TOLD IT.
'CEPT STORMFRONT CALLED HIM A COCKSUCKER A COUPLE TIMES.
WHAT, THE BAXTER-PUGH STUFF AN' ALL?
CAN'T HEAR ALL OF IT, DEFINITION JUST AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE NEXT ROOM. BUT THEY BOTH YELLIN' LIKE CRAZY AT ONE POINT.

SO.
STORMFRONT FIGURES SUPERHUMAN DEVELOPMENT'S A BETTER BET THAN BAXTER-PUGH'S DIVISION.
HE DON'T WANT NO PART OF *ANYTHING* CAN CONNECT HIM TO GRAND SAVANNA.
I DON'T THINK WE'RE GONNA BE HEARIN' FROM STORMFRONT. I RECKON THE BIG SQUAREHEAD'S RATTLED.
THAT IS IF IT'S TRUE...
WHICH IT SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE.
WHICH IS WHY I THINK IT IS.
VIKOR GOES IN AN' SAYS, LADS, I'VE GOT MESELF IN A BIT OF A PICKLE--YOU MIND DOIN' A LITTLE PLAY-ACTIN' TO HELP ME OUT? ALL THEY'D DO IS CUT THEIR LOSSES AN' KILL HIM.
PLUS IT'D MEAN HE FOUND THE BUG. AN' I DON'T THINK HE HAS.
YOU EVER SEE *ANYONE* SO FUCKIN' EAGER TO PLEASE...?
MM-MM.
YOU GOT HIM BOXED INTO A CORNER. HE STARTED SEEIN' YOU AS HIS ONLY OPTION.
FEDS SEE THIS WIT' WISEGUYS THEY GET TO TURN RAT. VIKOR GONNA WANNA PRETEND YOU AN' HIM ON THE SAME TEAM--LIKE *HE* MADE THE CHOICE, HE STILL GOT SOME DIGNITY LEFT...
DIGNITY? HE'S GOIN' AROUND DRESSED AS A FUCKIN' CUNT!
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
GET THE BUG BACK?
COULDN'T.
SHIT.

OH, MON DIEU, IS THIS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY...?
YANKEE STADIUM
24 World Championships
OF COURSE. OF COURSE IT IS. SILLY QUESTION.
AHEM.
MADAME LATRUNK, MADEMOISELLE LES TREETOPS: BONSOIR. PLEASE LISTEN CLOSELY, THEN PASS THE INFORMATION ON TO VOTRE BON AMI, LA FEMME.
THE EVIL JULIAN BAXTER-PUGH HAS FAILED TO ENLIST PROPER SUPES IN HIS SCHEME TO LAUNCH HIS NEW TEAM, *THE SKORCHERS...*
SO, AS PREDICTED BY M'SIEU CHARCUTER, HE HAS BEEN FORCED TO HIRE ACTORS TO PLAY HIS VILLAINS. THROUGH OUR BUGGING OF THE SKORCHERS' HEADQUARTERS, WE LEARNED TONIGHT THAT THE CONFRONTATION WOULD TAKE PLACE HERE-- DANS LE STADE DE YANKEE.
ALL IS READY, THE FAKE SUPES ARE IN POSITION, J.B.P.'S MEDIA CONTACTS AS WELL. BUT LAIT DE LA MERE--ALWAYS VIGILANT! SUSPECTS A MINOR WRINKLE IN THE PLAN.

HE SUGGESTS THAT--TIPPED OFF BY STORMFRONT AFTER HIS MEETING WITH J.B.P.--VOUGHT AMERICAN'S SUPERHUMAN DEVELOPMENT DIVISION WILL ATTEMPT TO *SCUPPER* THE LAUNCH OF THE SKORCHERS.
BEFORE THE FAKE SUPES CAN APPEAR BEFORE THE CAMERAS, THEY WILL BE BRUTALLY *TAKEN OUT*...
WHAT GODDAMNED PLANET AM I ON RIGHT NOW?
SHOULDNA JOINED IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE.
THEY'RE HERE.
LOOKS LIKE THE SKORCHERS, MAYBE HALF A DOZEN MEDIA.
STILL IN THE CHANGIN' ROOM.
DICKHEADS MOVED YET?
NOBODIES. THINK ONE DUDE PLAYED A RAPIST ON LAW AN' ORDER.
ALL RIGHT, KEEP 'EM PEELED. IF YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THIS, WHOEVER IT IS'LL HAVE TO MAKE A MOVE SHARPISH.
...AND SO, BECAUSE THE GREATER THE PROBLEMS FACED BY VOUGHT THE HAPPIER LE COLONEL, WE ARE ABOUT TO INTERCEDE: *PREVENTING* THE ASSAULT ON THE FAKE SUPES, AND THUS *ENABLING* THE SENSES-SHATTERING DEBUT OF LES SKORCHERS...
OH YEAH.
REMINDS ME.

COLONEL MALLORY ASKED ME HOW I KNOW 'BOUT J.B.P. AN' STORMFRONT.
I SAID IT CAME UP WHEN BAXTER-PUGH WAS TALKIN' TO THE SKORCHERS.
NEVER MISSES A FUCKIN' TRICK...
MEANS I LIED. WHICH HE GONNA KNOW, HE EVER READS THE LOGGED TRANSCRIPTS.
I GOTTA SAY, I DON'T LIKE BEIN' PUT IN THIS POSITION...
I'LL CARRY THE CAN IF IT COMES TO IT.
WHERE IS THE COLONEL, ANYHOW?
GONE TO LANGLEY. SAID WE COULD COPE ON OUR OWN.
SEE WHO I SEE?
SHIT, THEY USIN' SUPES...
DON'T MATTER. YOU WIN THE STAR PRIZE, MATE.
FRENCHIE?
THEY'RE C-LISTERS, SO YOU CAN DO ALL THE DAMAGE YOU WANT. JUST DO IT QUICKLY AN' QUIETLY.
RIGHT THEN.

YOU ***SKORCHERS*** AIN'T EVEN GONNA GET OFF THE GRID!
GROUND.
GROUND, THANKS. IT'S TIME TO SAY HELLO TO... TO...LINE?
THE MALEVOLENTS.
WE'RE ON.
SHE SELLS SEASHELLS BY THE SEASHORE...SHE SELLS SEASHELLS BY THE SEASHORE...
THIS IS A WEIRD ONE, RIGHT?
MY UNCLE WAS ON BROADWAY FOR THIRTY YEARS, SOME OF THE SHIT HE DID WAS--
GATHER...!
EVERYONE KNOW THE SCRIPT?
OKAY, BREAK A LEG.
SHIT.

THAT WAS GONNA BE MY LINE.
THEY BEAT US TO IT.
NOT A PROBLEM.
UH...AREN'T WE SUPPOSED TO DO THIS OUT ON THE FIELD...?
WAIT A MINUTE, YOU GUYS *ARE* THE SKORCHERS, RIGHT?
NO, WE MOST DEFINITELY ARE NOT.
STRAIGHT IN, BOYS.
BAD LUCK, KIDDIES.

SHOULDA STUCK TO *UNNGGHH*
OH--!
BOLP
AAAH
HNNHHH
NO
OH...MY... FUCKING...
NNK
NNK
DEAR *JESUS*--!
NNK

WHOA!
NNK
RUNNIN' A BIT LATE, AIN'T YOU?
WH-WH--?
YOU WAS PAID TO DO A JOB, REMEMBER? BETTER HEAD ON OUT THERE AN' GET STUCK IN.
BUT--I THOUGHT--
TIME WAITS FOR NO MAN, MY SON.
NO, WAIT A MINUTE, WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?
WE WERE TOLD IT WAS ALL GOING TO HAPPEN OUTSIDE, NO ONE SAID ANYTHING ABOUT THESE GUYS...
YEAH, OR *YOU GUYS*-- I MEAN WHAT EXACTLY ARE WE GETTING MIXED UP IN?
ARE THOSE PEOPLE *DEAD--?*
OKAY, I'M NOT COMFORTABLE WITH THIS AT ALL, I WANT TO CALL MY AGENT...!
GIVE US THAT, WILL YOU, LUV?
I MEAN WHO *ARE YOU,* ANYWAY...?

THIS IS WHO WE ARE.
MISTER BAXTER-PUGH HIRED YOU TO PUT ON A SHOW. HE HIRED US TO MAKE SURE YOU MADE IT.
NOW GET YOUR ARSES OUT THERE...AN' GET TO FUCKIN' WORK.
NOT A WORD TO NO ONE.
NOT EVEN HIM, HE DON'T LIKE COMPLICATIONS.
YOU BELIEVE ME IF I SAY WE KNOW HOW TO FIND YOU?
Y-Y-YES--!
PISS OFF, THEN.
YOU SKORCHERS AIN'T EVEN GONNA GET OFF THE GROUND!
IT'S TIME TO SAY HELLO TO THE MALEVOLENTS!

MMM.
DON'T MOVE.
UH-UH.
CAN'T TELL WHERE I END AN' YOU BEGIN, SOMETIMES.
I'M THE HORRIBLE, HARD, HAIRY, KNOBBLY ONE...
MMMM... YOU AIN'T HORRIBLE...
BILLY?
MMF?
WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF I WAS GONE?

YOU WHAT?
BECKY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I JUST...
I'M FINE.
YOU AIN'T SICK OR NOTHIN'? BECKY, SERIOUSLY, LUV--!
I AIN'T SICK. I AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE.
BUT IF SOMETHIN' HAPPENED TO ME, I'D WANNA KNOW YOU'D BE OKAY WITHOUT ME.
OH JESUS, LUV, DON'T SAY *THAT...!*
I AIN'T TRYNNA UPSET YOU.
BUT I'D WANNA KNOW.
YOU SOMETIMES TALK ABOUT ME LIKE I'M MORE THAN WHAT I AM, BILLY. LIKE I'M THIS THING YOU PUT ALL YOUR HOPES INTO, YOU WOULDN'T BE NO GOOD WITHOUT ME.
AN' I KNOW WE JOKE ABOUT IT AN' I KNOW THERE'S THINGS I'D LIKE YOU TO DO DIFFERENT, BUT YOU'RE YOUR OWN MAN, BILLY BUTCHER.
I WANNA BE SURE YOU KNOW IT TOO.
WHAT'RE YOU ON ABOUT, I WAS A BLEEDIN' DISASTER WITHOUT YOU...!
YOU WAS A RIGHT HANDFUL, I AIN'T DENYIN' THAT.
BUT YOU'RE THE ONE THAT MADE THE CHANGES.

THE DAY I RUN INTO YOU I WAS WALKIN' AROUND WITH ME FACE SMASHED IN FROM THE NIGHT BEFORE.
YOU STOPPED ME DRINKIN'. STOPPED ME GETTIN' INTO BARNEYS. YOU MADE ME SEE I HAD TO GET ME MUM AWAY FROM ME DAD, I'D'VE KILLED THE OL' BASTARD IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU...!
IF I HADN'T MET YOU WHEN I DID I'D BE IN THE NICK OR DEAD. GOD'S HONEST TRUTH.
ALL I SAID WAS TALK TO ME INSTEAD OF HAVIN' ANOTHER PINT.
YOU'RE THE ONE TRIED IT. YOU'RE THE ONE LIKED IT.
SAME THING WITH YOUR MUM; ALL I DONE WAS GIVE YOU THE IDEA...
YOU'VE GOT IT IN YOU TO DO ALL THIS FOR YOURSELF, YOU ALWAYS HAVE.
YOU ALL RIGHT?
I'M ALL RIGHT.
YOU GOT TOO MUCH FAITH IN ME, LUV. YOU ALWAYS HAVE.
WELL, NOW YOU KNOW HOW IT FEELS, THEN.

YOU'D BE ALL RIGHT WITHOUT ME, BILLY.
YOU'D BE SAD FOR A WHILE. BUT YOU'D BE ALL RIGHT.
I'D KILL THE FUCKIN' WORLD.
MM?
NOTHIN'.
ALL RIGHT, ENOUGH FOR NOW.
COME ON BACK TO BED WITH ME.
WE'LL DRINK EACH OTHER IN.
YOU ALWAYS MADE ME HONEST, LUV, SO I'LL BE HONEST NOW.

I HATE THEM.
I HATE THEM ALL.
NOT JUST THE ONE THAT DONE WHAT HE DONE TO YOU, I'VE GOT SOMETHING SPECIAL IN MIND FOR HIM.
I WANT THEM ALL GONE.
THAT MEANS AN AWFUL LOT OF PEOPLE. MOST OF THEM ARE SUPES, SO THAT MEANS EITHER EVIL BASTARDS, OR DOZY TWATS WHO HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE.
BUT IT ALSO MEANS PEOPLE WHO DON'T EVEN KNOW.
THAT'S WHY I NEED TO GET RID OF YOU, BECKY, SO I CAN DO SOMETHING WOULD HAVE MADE YOU HATE ME.

IDIOT.

ISSUE SIX | COVER BY DARICK ROBERTSON

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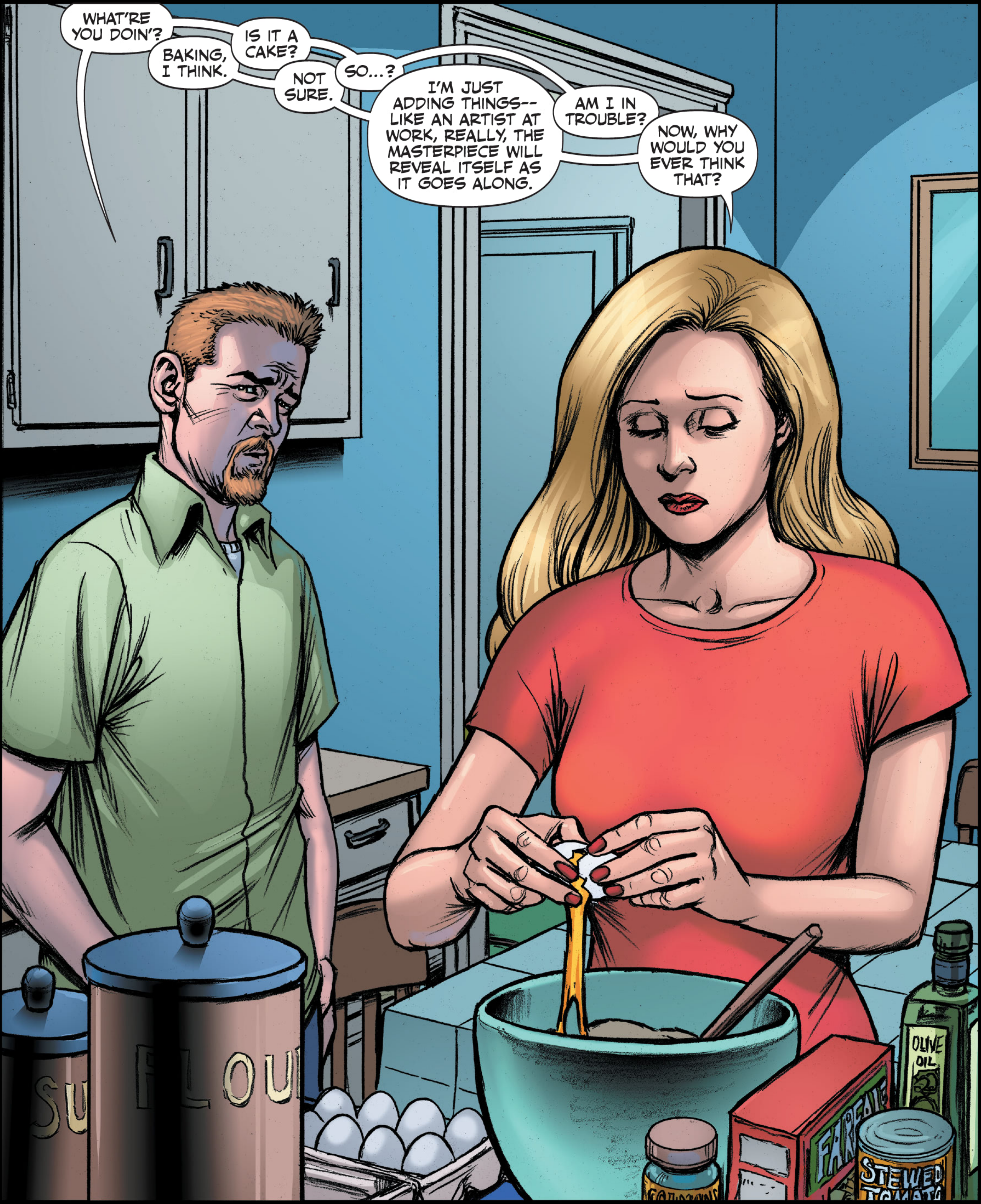

WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'?
BAKING, I THINK.
IS IT A CAKE?
NOT SURE.
SO...?
I'M JUST ADDING THINGS--LIKE AN ARTIST AT WORK, REALLY, THE MASTERPIECE WILL REVEAL ITSELF AS IT GOES ALONG.
AM I IN TROUBLE?
NOW, WHY WOULD YOU EVER THINK THAT?
OLIVE OIL
STEWED

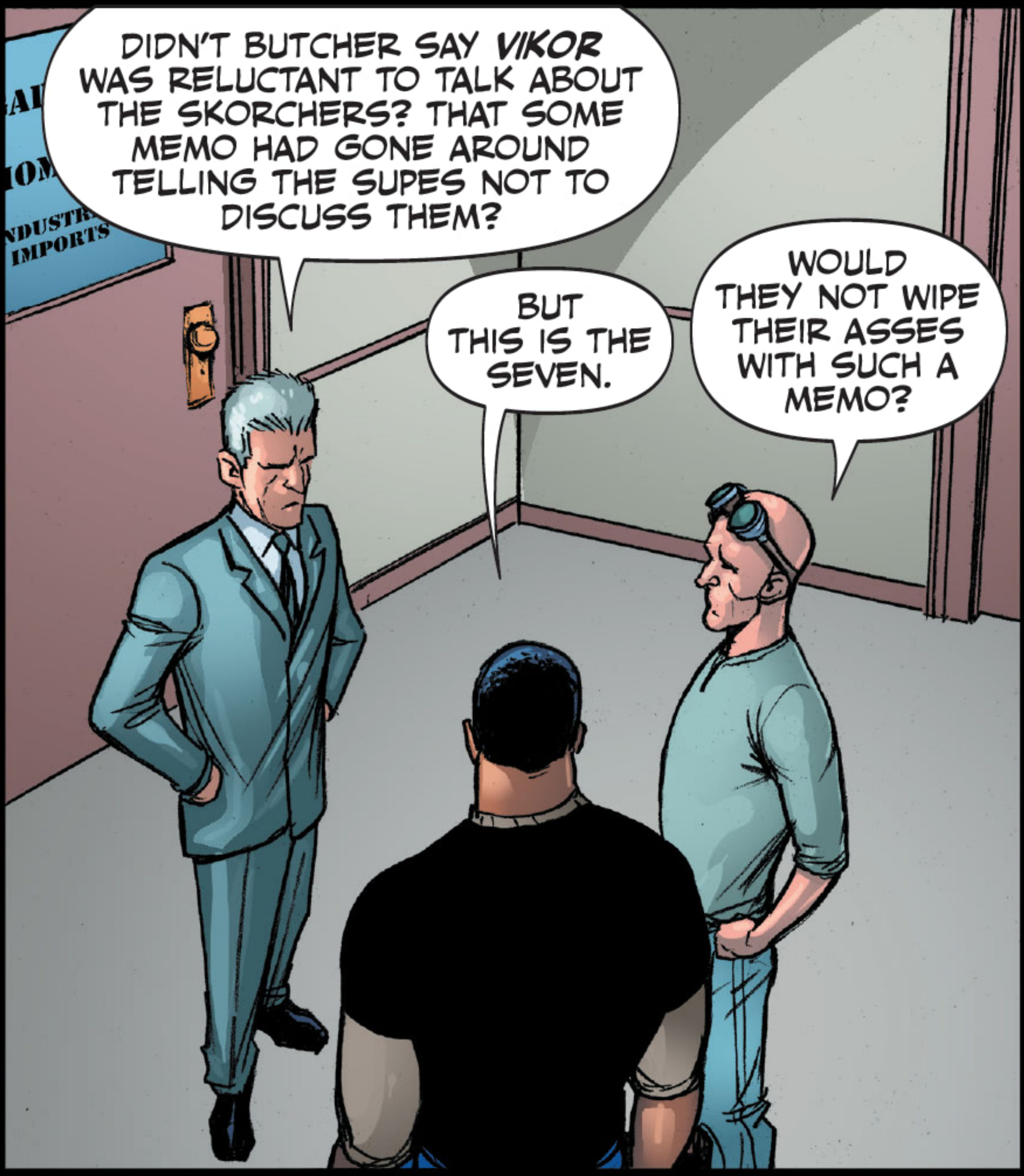
6: THURSDAY

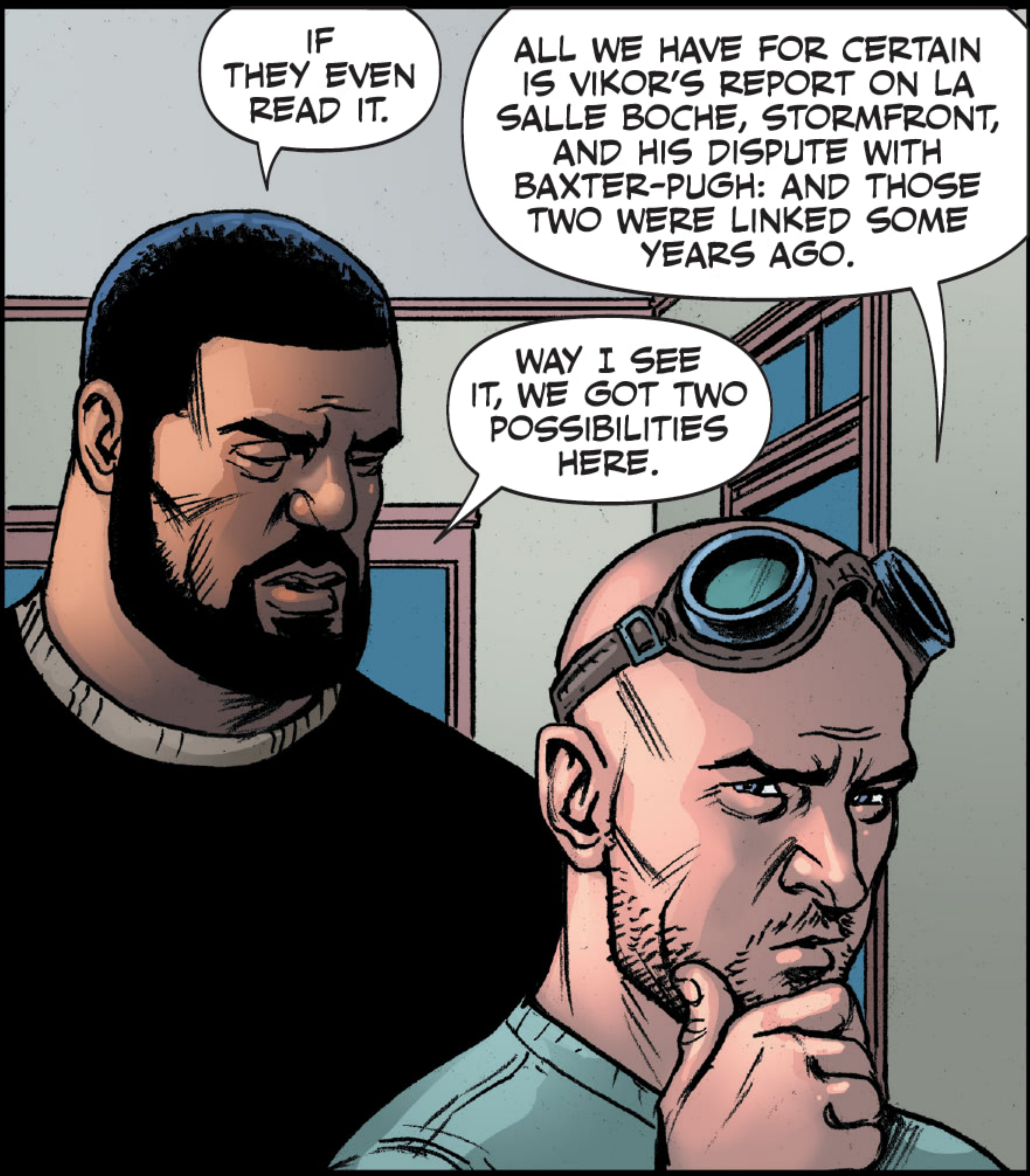
WHEN DID YOU TWIG I WAS...YOU KNOW...?
OH, FAIRLY EARLY ON.
ALL THE MIDNIGHT BATHROOM VISITS, SITTING UNDER YOUR TREE ON THE HILL... YOU KNOW YOU NEVER TOOK THE STUFF I GOT YOU FOR YOUR STOMACH?
OH...
YOU DIDN'T EVEN POP A FEW OF THE PILLS OUT OF THE FOIL AND FLUSH THEM. YOU ARE THE WORLD'S WORST LIAR.
FARFALE
...NO, YOU CAN'T BE, OR YOU'D HAVE BEEN KILLED DOING WHAT YOU USED TO DO. YOU'RE THE WORLD'S WORST LIAR AROUND *ME.*
DID YOU, AH...SEE WHAT IT WAS I WAS READIN'...?
I MEAN I'M GUESSIN' YOU FOUND IT...
FOUND IT, READ A PAGE, REALIZED, PUT IT AWAY AGAIN. WAITED TO SEE IF YOU'D COME CLEAN.
OH, FUCK-- ANNIE--
D'YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU SAID TO ME, UNDER THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE?
HE'S IN HELL, KICKING THE FUCK OUT OF THE DEVIL. AND NOW I NEVER WANT TO TALK ABOUT HIM AGAIN.
THEN YOU SPENT THE NEXT TEN OR TWELVE YEARS TELLING ME EVERYTHING, ABOUT HIM AND ALL THE REST OF IT TOO.

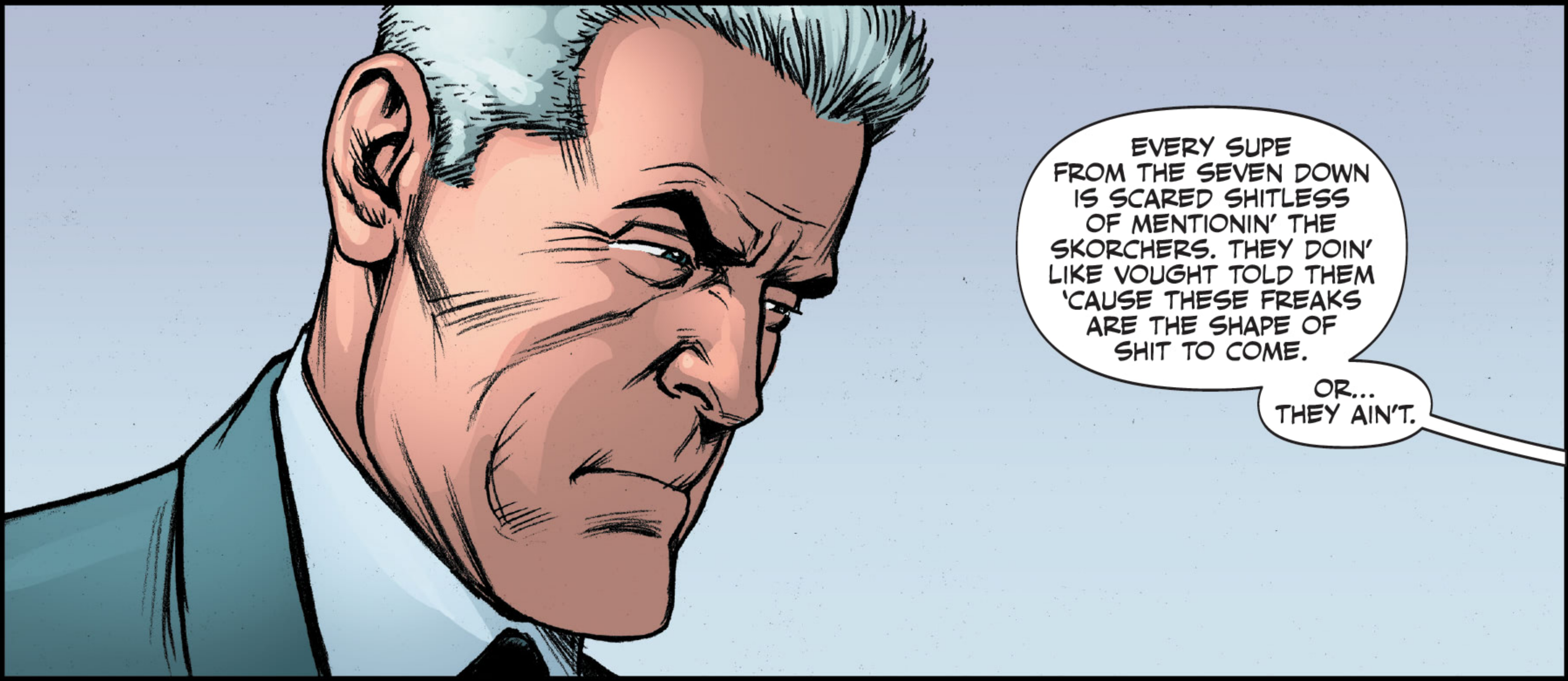
OR AT LEAST I ASSUME IT WAS EVERYTHING. I GET THAT YOU NEEDED TO UNBURDEN YOURSELF, BUT IF THERE IS ANYMORE OF THAT HEADFUCK SOUP, I DON'T WANT TO KNOW.
OH, GOD.
OH, JESUS.
I'M REALLY SORRY...
YOU ARE NOT THAT GUY.
I DON'T MEAN *HIM,* YOU COULD NEVER BE HIM. I MEAN YOU'RE NOT SOME MYTHICAL TOUGH GUY WHO PLAYS HIS CARDS CLOSE TO HIS CHEST AND GIVES NOTHING AWAY.
HE WAS LIKE THAT, AND LOOK WHAT IT COST HIM...
OH, THIS IS JUST LIKE IT WAS BACK THEN.
REMEMBER HOW I USED TO CATCH YOU OUT? ALL THE TIMES I HAD TO TELL YOU THIS?
SO WHAT'LL WE DO?
JUST SIT THERE AND WATCH ME BAKE.

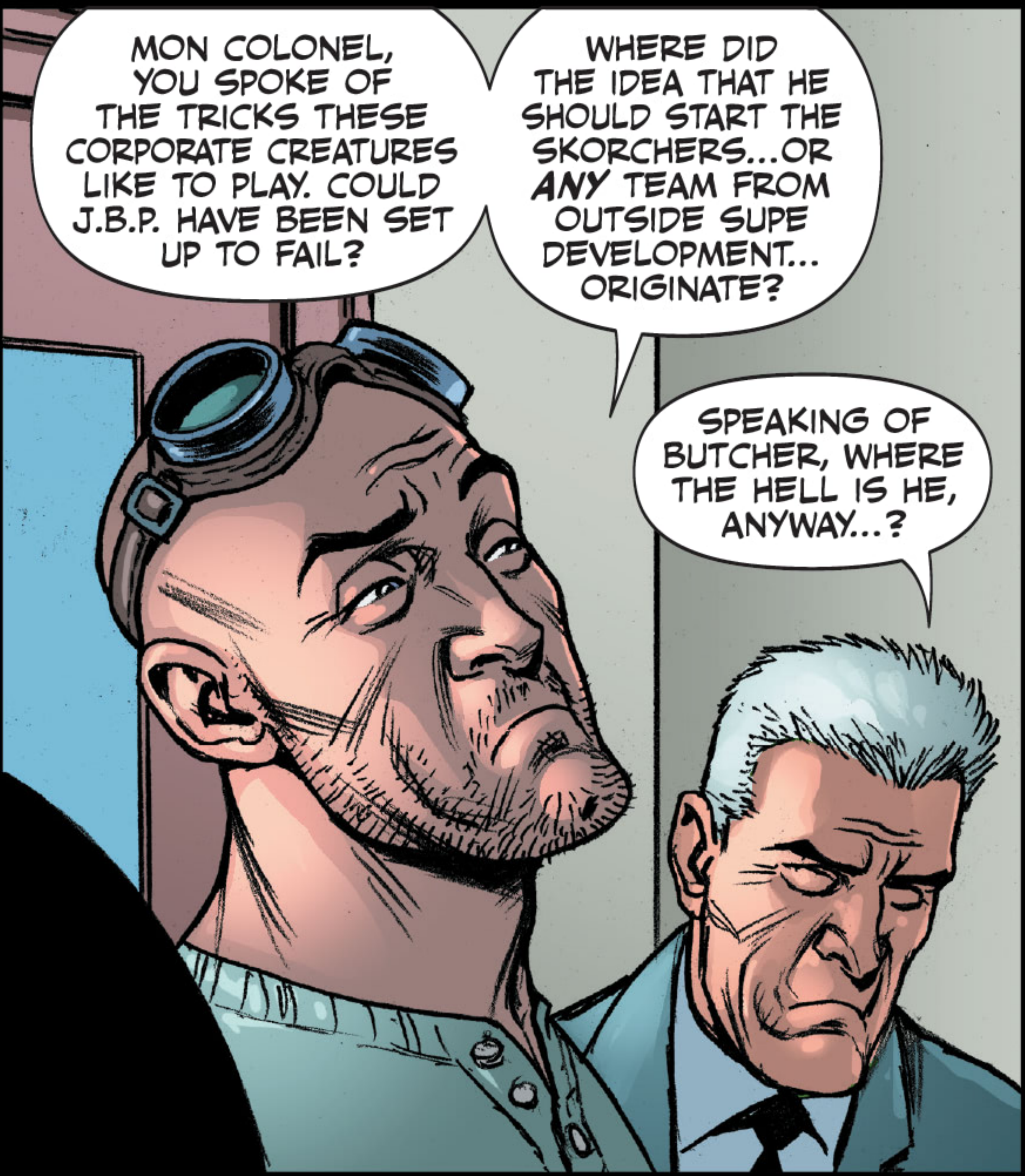
...SAVED YANKEE STADIUM FROM A SUPERVILLAIN TAKEOVER--AH, SEX VICAR, WE HAVE YOU AND THE SKORCHERS TO THANK FOR THIS?
THAT'S RIGHT, MY DEAR! AND A VERY NAUGHTY LITTLE TAKEOVER IT WOULD HAVE BEEN!
BUT THANKS TO THE LATEST SUPER-SENSATION FROM ACROSS THE POND--
8
'ELLO, MUM!
MMMMMMMMM...!
I THINK WE'VE GOT A SHOT OF--THANKS, TOM. SO THESE GUYS WERE, UH...
WELL, DARLING, THE MALCONTENTS WERE PLANNING--
MALEVOLENTS. MMMMMMMMM...!
GIRL POWER!
BLACK THUGG, IF I CAN TURN TO YOU--
IN THE NAME OF CHRIST, IS THIS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY?
AH, MON COLONEL, IT IS...HOW DO YOU SAY...
ADVISABLE?

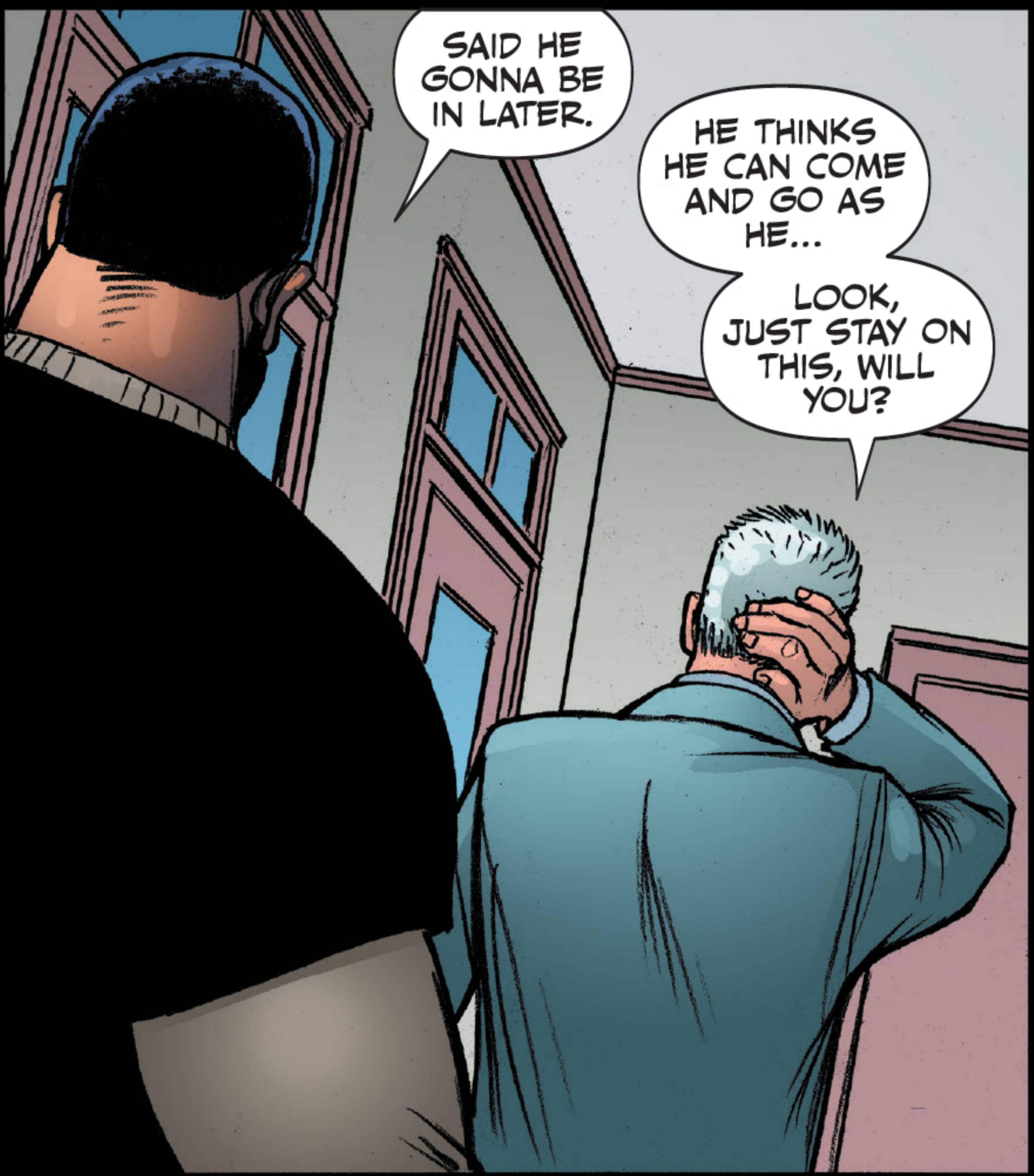
GARAND & THOMPSON INDUSTRIAL IMPORTS
...CERTAINLY GLAD YOU COULD JOIN ME TODAY. READY TO DO A FANTASTIC LITTLE PAINTING WITH ME?
I UNDERSTAND BAXTER-PUGH'S ON ALL THE TALK SHOWS.
GREAT. SO TELL YOU WHAT, LET'S HAVE 'EM GRAPHICALLY RUN ALL THE COLORS ACROSS THE SCREEN THAT YOU NEED TO PAINT ALONG WITH ME.
SO THIS IS COMING ALONG NICELY...
YEAH, ABOUT THAT. THE SEVEN AIN'T HAD SHIT TO SAY.
NO?
FRENCHIE AN' ME BEEN LISTENIN' IN, I MEAN CHECK THE LOGS YOURSELF...
I DO.
IF J.B.P. IS THE MAN TO WATCH, THEY ARE NOT WATCHING HIM. NOT EVEN A MENTION, MON COLONEL.
THE CLOSEST THOSE BUFFOONS GET TO DISCUSSING REAL LIFE IS WHEN THEY'RE WHINING ABOUT THEIR RESIDUALS...
TRUE. BUT IF THE SKORCHERS REALLY DO MEAN SHIT'S GOIN' DOWN AT VOUGHT, WOULDN'T THEY HAVE SOMETHIN' TO SAY?
THE COMPANY IS THEIR MEAL TICKET, N'EST-CE PAS? AND NOT EVEN THEIR FREQUENT VISITORS FROM VOUGHT HAVE RAISED THE MATTER.


IMPORTS
DIDN'T BUTCHER SAY *VIKOR* WAS RELUCTANT TO TALK ABOUT THE SKORCHERS? THAT SOME MEMO HAD GONE AROUND TELLING THE SUPES NOT TO DISCUSS THEM?
BUT THIS IS THE SEVEN.
WOULD THEY NOT WIPE THEIR ASSES WITH SUCH A MEMO?


IF THEY EVEN READ IT.
ALL WE HAVE FOR CERTAIN IS VIKOR'S REPORT ON LA SALLE BOCHE, STORMFRONT, AND HIS DISPUTE WITH BAXTER-PUGH: AND THOSE TWO WERE LINKED SOME YEARS AGO.
WAY I SEE IT, WE GOT TWO POSSIBILITIES HERE.


EVERY SUPE FROM THE SEVEN DOWN IS SCARED SHITLESS OF MENTIONIN' THE SKORCHERS. THEY DOIN' LIKE VOUGHT TOLD THEM 'CAUSE THESE FREAKS ARE THE SHAPE OF SHIT TO COME.
OR... THEY AIN'T.


MON COLONEL, YOU SPOKE OF THE TRICKS THESE CORPORATE CREATURES LIKE TO PLAY. COULD J.B.P. HAVE BEEN SET UP TO FAIL?
WHERE DID THE IDEA THAT HE SHOULD START THE SKORCHERS...OR *ANY* TEAM FROM OUTSIDE SUPE DEVELOPMENT... ORIGINATE?
SPEAKING OF BUTCHER, WHERE THE HELL IS HE, ANYWAY...?


SAID HE GONNA BE IN LATER.
HE THINKS HE CAN COME AND GO AS HE...
LOOK, JUST STAY ON THIS, WILL YOU?

THAT'D BE NICE, WOULDN'T IT, MATE?
TO BE SOMEWHERE LIKE THAT.
SOMEWHERE YOU COULD LOOK OUT A WINDOW.
MALLORY HASN'T GOT A CLUE.
HE STICKS HIS PHOTOS UP ON HIS NOTICEBOARD AND HE SAYS--RIGHT, BOYS, HERE'S THE LATEST. AND WE GO THROUGH THE WHOLE ROUTINE AND SOONER OR LATER WE TAKE THEM TO BITS, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.
NONE OF IT MATTERS. THE SKORCHERS DON'T MATTER. JULIAN BAXTER NOBHEAD PUGH DON'T MATTER.
WHATEVER'S GOING ON INSIDE VOUGHT DON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE BECAUSE THEY'RE JUST NOT GOING NOWHERE. NEITHER DOES MAKING A MESS OF A FEW SUPES BECAUSE THERE'LL ALWAYS BE MORE OF THE BASTARDS.
THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN ON ABOUT, LOVE.
I DO KNOW HOW TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE, BUT TO DO IT I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF YOU.]

SO I CAN GO OFF WITH SOME DIRTY FUCKING SLAG INSTEAD.

AND IF I WANT THAT, BECKY, I THINK I'VE GOT TO DO ONE BLOODY AWFUL OUT OF ORDER THING.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS EXACTLY. BUT I KNOW SOMETHING WILL COME ALONG, THE WAY I GET ON.
I MEAN I KNOW I'VE CHEATED ON YOU A BIT FROM TIME TO TIME.
BUT YOU LET ME OFF WITH IT, DON'T YOU? YOU SAY I CAN'T HELP IT, THE STATE I GET INTO.
THIS WOULD BE FAR WORSE, LOVE.
THIS WOULD DESTROY YOU.
COME ON, MATE.
BECAUSE YOU'D KNOW YOU'D LOST ME FOR GOOD, AND THERE'D BE NO MORE POINT HANGING AROUND.
THAT'S WHY I'M STILL NOT SURE ABOUT THIS.
I'M SCARED OF YOU BEING GONE.

M'NOT DRUNK...!
I KNOW, SWEETIE. LET'S JUST GO HOME.
M'NOT--!
GIVE US A RING TOMORROW, BABE?
KAPURI RESTAURANT
BI -353KI
WILL DO, BECKS. SORRY.
WHAT YOU SAYING *SORRY* FOR--?
WELL, YOU TOLD ME SO.
WHAT, ABOUT HER HALF-INCHIN' ME GARLIC NAAN?
JESUS...!
I KNOW YOU SAW HER. YOU WERE TRYNNA HIDE THE LOOK ON YER FACE.
YOU NOTICE HOW HE NEVER SAYS ME NAME? IT'S ALWAYS YOU OR WHATEVER?
NOT THAT I MIND, I JUST HOPE HE DON'T THINK HE'S BEIN' CLEVER OR NOTHIN'...
OH, GOD, LET'S NOT BE LIKE THEM. LET'S NEVER, *EVER* BE A COUPLE LIKE THEM.

TOUCH AN' GO, THE WAY YOU'RE ALWAYS STARTIN' BARNEYS WITH PEOPLE.
BATTLIN' BECKY, THERE SHE GOES AGAIN. AN' THERE'S POOR BILLY TRYNNA GET HER IN A TAXI, GOD HELP HIM.
YEAH, THAT'LL BE RIGHT, THEN--!
IT'S NICE OUT, INNIT? YOU WANNA WALK FOR A BIT?
YEAH, IT AIN'T THAT COLD.
WHERE ARE WE, ANYWAY? GUY WAS ON AN' ON ABOUT THAT RESTAURANT, I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS ALL THAT BRILLIANT...
MUSWELL HILL.
YEAH?
I DONE A BIT O' WORK ON THE SITE DOWN THE ROAD.
I'M A BIT SURPRISED AT OL' GUY, TO BE HONEST, I MEAN IT'S BLOODY YUPPIE CENTRAL ROUND HERE...
OH, HE JUST WOULDN'T GIVE OVER, WOULD HE? ALL THAT STUFF ABOUT WORKIN' CLASS PEOPLE VOTIN' AGAINST THEIR OWN INTERESTS.
YEAH, HE KEPT LOOKIN' AT ME WHEN HE SAID IT, TOO...
TOSSER.
BECKY BUTCHER...!
WELL WHAT DOES HE KNOW ABOUT HOW YOU--WAIT A MINUTE, IS THIS YOU ON ABOUT ME BEIN' A GOODY TWO-SHOES AGAIN?

I SWEAR TO GOD, THEY ARE GONNA LOCK YOU UP FOR MENTAL CRUELTY. FOR DRIVIN' ME ROUND THE BEND.
ALL RIGHT, GO ON, THEN! TELL ME ONE BAD THING YOU DONE!
UM...
OH, THIS'LL BE GOOD.
SHUT UP, YOU'RE PUTTIN' ME OFF. ALL RIGHT, WHEN I WAS FOURTEEN ME SISTER JUDY BOUGHT THESE FANCY NEW KNICKERS, 'COS SHE WAS MEANT TO BE GOIN' OUT WITH RODNEY SMITH THAT NIGHT--RIGHT?
AN' I WAS JEALOUS 'COS I FANCIED HIM TOO, SO I STOLE THE KNICKERS AN' BURNT 'EM IN THE BATHROOM SINK.
YEAH, BIT EXTREME. WHAT HAPPENED?
AH, SHE WENT OUT WITH HIM ANYWAY.
IN DIRTY KNICKERS?
IN NO KNICKERS AT ALL. THE LITTLE TART.
YOU SEE, THIS JUST PROVES ME POINT! YOU WERE SUCH A BLOODY ANGEL, YOU COULDN'T IMAGINE ANYONE GOIN' ON A DATE WITH NO KNICKERS ON!
OH SHUT UP, YOU'RE HORRIBLE--!
IN FACT...IN *FACT...!*
I BET--OH GOD--I BET YOU TOLD HER YOU DONE IT LATER ON!
BILLY--!
I BET YOU COULDN'T LIVE WITH IT ON YER CONSCIENCE, *THE THOUGHT YOU BURNT YER SISTER'S KNICKERS...!*

...MAYBE...
AN' WHEN THEY SAID COME DANCIN', ME SISTER ALWAYS DID!
ME SISTER SHOULD'VE COME IN AT MIDNIGHT, AN' ME MUM WOULD ALWAYS SIT UP AN' WAIT...
THIS ALL RIGHT HERE, GUV?
OH MY GOD, THIS IS GONNA BANKRUPT US--!
NAH, I GOT PAID FRIDAY, WE'RE SORTED!
NOW I'M GROWN UP AN' PLAYIN' IN A BAND, AN' THERE'S A CAR PARK WHERE THE PALLY USED TO STAND...
BLOODY HELL, WHAT'S THIS?
WHUP--!
IT'S ME WHITE BOY BOOGIE. LENNY AN' THEM DOWN THE DUKE'S HEAD, THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL IT.
AW, POOR BILLY, DID THE NASTY ROUGH BOYS TAKE THE PISS?
NEVER MIND, DARLIN'.

LIFE WASN'T MEANT TO BE FAIR.

I'VE BEEN CHEATING ON YOU EVERY MINUTE SINCE YOU DIED, LOVE.
BECAUSE I'VE BEEN USING YOU AS AN EXCUSE FOR WHAT I WANT TO DO.
12345
THE STUFF INSIDE ME I WANT TO LET LOOSE.
THAT YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO STAND.
YOU'RE THE ONE LOST HER LIFE, BUT I'M DOING WHAT I'M DOING FOR ME.
...WHEN IT WAS JUST THE TWO OF US PEOPLE DIED, I'M NOT DENYING THAT--BUT SINCE THIS *TEAM* WAS FORMED, I DON'T KNOW...
GARAND & THOMPSON
INDUSTRIAL IMPORTS

WE'VE HAD TWICE THE--
I'M PRETTY SURE WE'RE BEIN' FUCKED.
NICE OF YOU TO JOIN US...
YEAH, INNIT?
I'VE BEEN THINKIN' ABOUT THIS, AN' I RECKON THE PROBLEM IS WE AIN'T LOOKED AT THINGS FROM THE OPPOSITION'S POINT OF VIEW.
YOU'RE VOUGHT-AMERICAN. YOU'RE A SHOWER O' SMUG, CORPORATE CUNTS, BUT YOU AIN'T STUPID.
YOU AIN'T GOT WHERE YOU HAVE JUST BY COLORIN' IN SUPE COSTUMES A BIT DIFFERENT EVERY TIME YOU INVENT A NEW ONE, AN' THEN SITTIN' BACK AN' RELAXIN'.
THUGG
BLACK
BLACK THUGG
LOONY L
SOMEONE STARTS NOBBLIN' YER SUPES. EVEN KILLIN' THE ODD ONE NOW AN' AGAIN. YOU'VE GOT CONTACTS, YOU KNOW PEOPLE, AN' YOU FIND OUT THERE'S THESE BOYS *PROBABLY* ASSIGNED TO THE JOB--*PROBABLY* BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT.
ALL RIGHT, NO BIG SURPISE, NOT REALLY. AN' NOT AN AWFUL LOT CAN BE DONE, THE BALANCE O' POWER BEIN' WHAT IT IS.

BUT BEIN' THE CORPORATE CUNTS THAT YOU ARE, HOW LONG IS IT BEFORE YOU START WONDERIN' IF YOU CAN MAKE THESE BOYS WORK FOR YOU?
LIKE... MAYBE GET THEM TO GET RID O' SOME O' YER RUBBISH?
BAXTER-PUGH? HEY, MAYBE HE GOTTA COUPLE SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET, BUT THE DUDE AIN'T STUPID...
BUT THE GRAND SAVANNA IS A VERY BIG SKELETON. AND-- DOES HE KNOW ABOUT US?
NOW WAIT A MINUTE--
THE SKORCHERS.
THE SKORCHERS
Sex Vicar
Teen Temptress
Black Thugg
Loony Leftie
DID YOU EVER SEE A BIGGER BLEEDIN' JOKE IN ALL YER LIFE?
THEY'RE WORSE THAN THEM RUNAWAY MUTANTS--WHAT'RE THEY CALLED, JAILBAIT?
Sex Vicar
Teen Temptress
Poncing Poof
THIS IS HIS WEAKNESS, THIS TABLOID SHIT HE MADE HIS NAME WITH. IT'S NEVER GONNA WORK IN A MILLION YEARS.
BUT IF YOU'RE A FUCKIN' EGOMANIAC LIKE BAXTER-PUGH, AN' SOMEONE CLEARS THE DECKS FOR YOUR LITTLE EXPERIMENT YOU'RE DYIN' TO DO, THIS BOLLOCKS YOU'RE ALWAYS GOIN' ON ABOUT...
Teen Temptress
Poncing Poof

MERDE.
LET'S THINK IT THROUGH.
LIKE THE MAN SAYS, YOU'RE VOUGHT. YOU'RE SOMEONE AT VOUGHT DON'T LIKE J.B.P..
GRAND SAVANNA EVER COMES OUT, THE WHOLE GODDAMN COMPANY GONNA BE DONE. I MEAN YOU GONNA HAVE TO START AGAIN, REBRAND YOUR SHIT.
COMES DOWN TO J.B.P. AN' STORMFRONT. *THAT* MUTHAFUCKA YOU CAN RELY ON. BAXTER-PUGH...HE BEEN IN AN' OUT AN' BACK INTO V.A. THE WAY THESE CORPORATE BITCHES DO, I MEAN NEXT TIME HE'S OUT WHAT IF HE *SAYS* SHIT TO SOMEONE...?
WHAT YOU GONNA DO?
KEEP HIM CLOSE.
INDULGE HIM.
AND... GIVE HIM ENOUGH ROPE.
'COS YOU KNOW THE BOYS'RE GONNA NOTICE HIM SOONER OR LATER.
FUCKIN' HELL, WE HELPED THE BASTARDS DO IT. THAT BOLLOCKS AT YANKEE STADIUM, WE STOPPED THEM ARSEHOLES THEY SENT TO CHUCK A SPANNER IN THE WORKS.
WE SET THE SKORCHERS UP FOR OURSELVES.

MY BRIGHT BLOODY IDEA, IF I REMEMBER RIGHT.
FUCK ME.
MAIS...VOUGHT SENT *REAL* SUPES TO STOP THE *FAKE* SUPES, WHO WERE THERE TO GIVE LES SKORCHERS CREDIBILITY...
BECAUSE THEY KNEW THAT WE'D EXPECT THEM TO.
WE'D SMELL SOME KIND OF STRIFE AT VOUGHT. DO ANYTHING WE THOUGHT WOULD HELP TO STIR THE POT.
BUTCHER'S RIGHT: YANKEE STADIUM GAVE THE SKORCHERS CREDIBILITY WITH *US.*
AN' WHAT THAT MEANS, BOYS, IS THE CUNTS AT VOUGHT-AMERICAN KNOW HOW WE THINK.
CAN THE REST OF YOU GIVE US A MINUTE, PLEASE?

THE SKORCHERS
Sex Vicar
Teen Te
Poncing Poof
Bla
I'M GOING TO REFER THIS TO LANGLEY.
BEFORE I DO: THAT WAS THE WRONG WAY TO HANDLE IT.
YOU TALK TO ME PRIVATELY. I THEN DECIDE WHAT TO TELL THE REST OF THEM.
IS THAT ACCEPTABLE TO YOU?
'COURSE IT IS, SQUIRE.
YOU KNOW, I THINK IT WAS GOIN' ABOUT THINGS THE WAY WE DO THAT TIPPED 'EM OFF.
THE SKORCHERS
SEX VICAR
TEEN
PONCING P
ALL IT DOES IS PUT 'EM ON NOTICE; IF IT DON'T GO NOWHERE IT AIN'T EVER GONNA SOLVE THE PROBLEM.
GARAND & THOMPSO
STRIAL
RTS

...I THOUGHT I SHOULD JUST KEEP IT QUIET AN' SORT IT OUT BY MYSELF, AN' THEN IT WAS JUST *TOO LATE* TO TELL YOU...
AN' I MEAN I KNOW I'M ON THIN ICE ANYWAY, I KEN YOU'RE PISSED OFF 'CAUSE I HAVEN'T SORTED OUT GETTIN' MARRIED--AN' THE *LAST* THING I WANTED WAS TO PISS YOU OFF EVEN MORE, AN' HAVE YOU JUST WALK OUT ON ME...
SHITHEAD.
SU
FLOU
IF I HAVEN'T LEFT YOU BY NOW, I THINK IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS I'M NOT GOING TO. UNLESS YOU DO SOMETHING REALLY EGREGIOUS.
SO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU NEED TO DO?
UM...
YOU NEED TO FIND OUT WHO SENT YOU THE DIARY. IT MUST BE SOMEONE FROM THE OLD DAYS; START WITH A LIST OF WHO SURVIVED AND WORK YOUR WAY THROUGH IT.
FIND OUT WHO IT IS, GO AND SEE THEM IF YOU HAVE TO, TELL THEM TO LEAVE US ALONE. THEN COME BACK HERE SO WE CAN GET ON WITH OUR LIVES.
AND WHEN YOU DO: ABSOLUTELY, POSITIVELY, DEFINITELY, BEYOND THE SHADOW OF A DOUBTLY, *NO MORE SECRETS.*
OKAY, I THINK THAT'S IT.

GET THE IDEA?
UM... AYE.
GREAT.

ISSUE SEVEN | COVER BY DARICK ROBERTSON

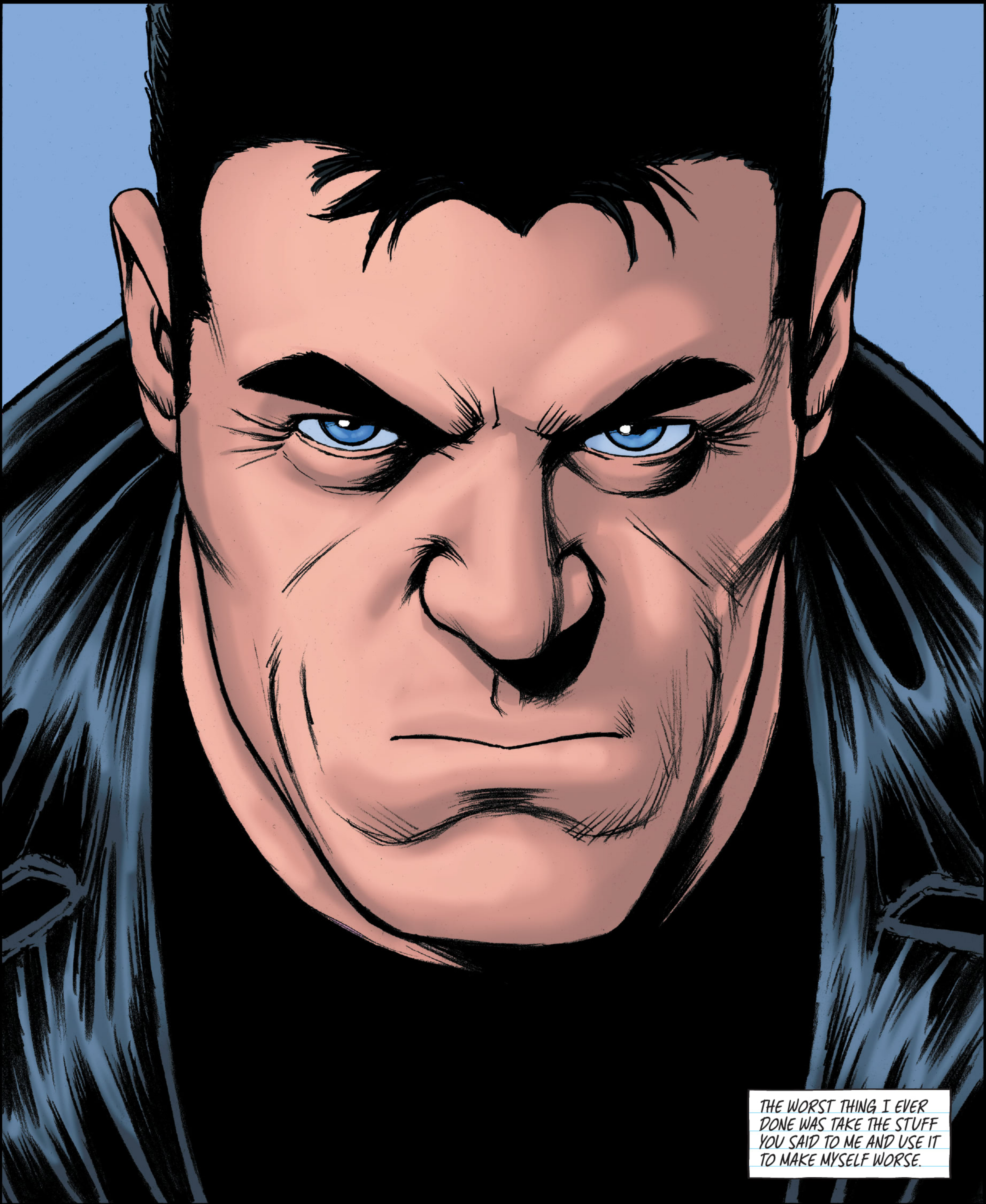
IN CASE OF EMERGENCY
BREAK GLA
DA
RI
CK
2020

THERE WAS A THING I DONE I REMEMBERED THE OTHER DAY. IT WAS A BIT CRUEL, AND I DONE IT JUST BECAUSE I COULD.
SUBWAY
UNDERGROUND
PUBLIC SUBWAY
MALLORY SENT ME TO LONDON ON A JOB. YOU WOULDN'T WANT THE DETAILS, SO ALL I'LL SAY IS IF YOU CALL YOURSELF CAPTAIN YOU WANT TO WATCH WHAT YOU FOLLOW IT WITH--SPECIALLY ROUND A BLOKE THAT'S REALLY SERVED.
I DIDN'T GO NOWHERE NEAR THE OLD MANOR. OR MY MUM.
OR WHERE YOU'RE BURIED EITHER, COME TO THAT.
BILLY...?
BILLY, DO YOU--DO YOU REMEMBER ME?
I-IT'S BEEN AGES, I--I KNOW YOU WERE ILL, YOU COULDN'T GO TO THE--
CHRIST, IT MUST HAVE BEEN AWFUL FOR YOU--!
ALL RIGHT, GUY.
BILLY, I'M SO SORRY...!

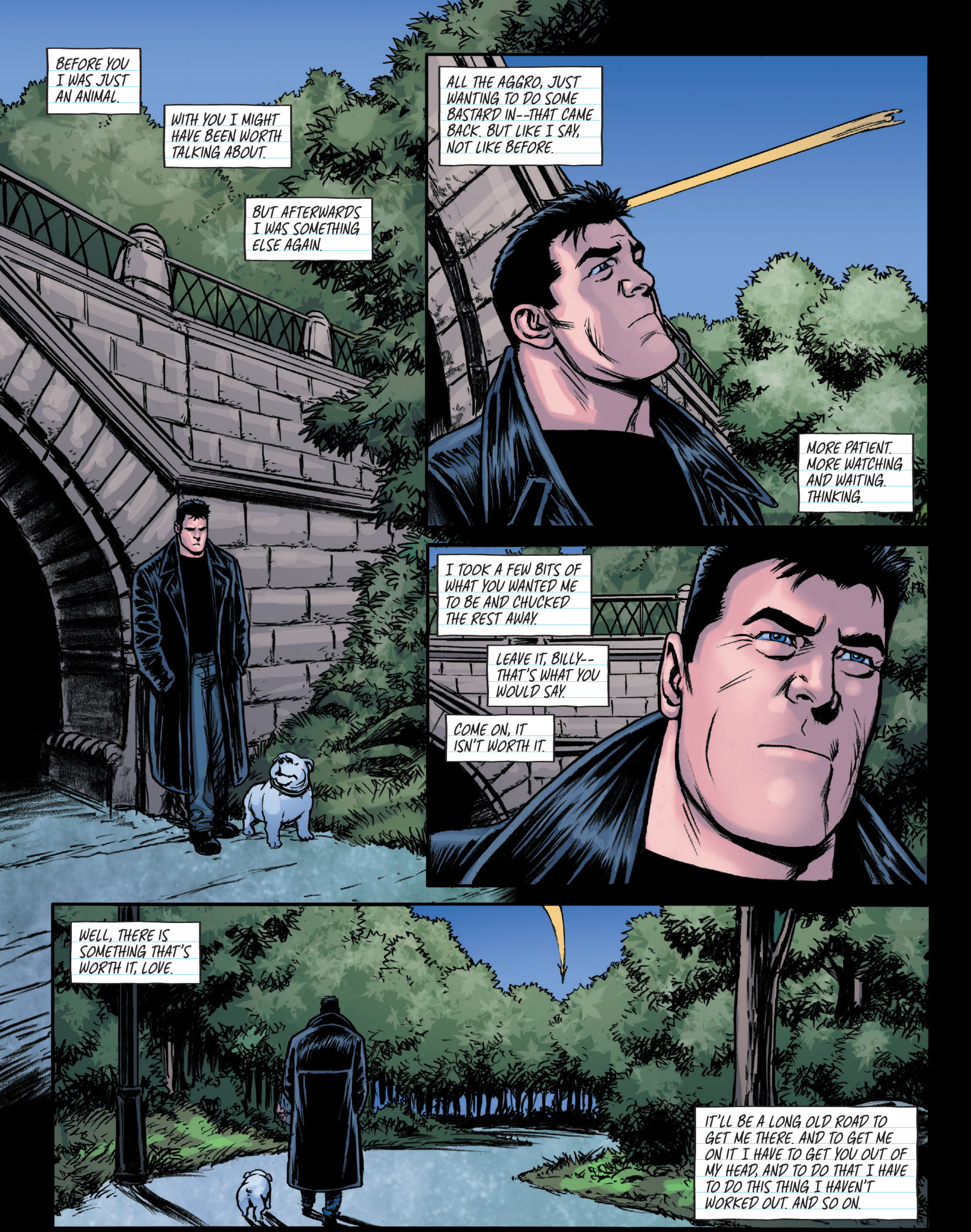
I KNEW WHAT HE WAS REALLY SORRY ABOUT. BUT IF ANYONE KNOWS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO KNOW THEY'LL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN, IT'S ME.
AND I MUST HAVE USED UP MY QUOTA OF HORRIBLE SHIT FOR THE DAY ON THE CAPTAIN, BECAUSE I SAID--YEAH, I'LL HAVE A QUICK ONE, MATE.
I'M SORRY, I FORGOT YOU DON'T DRINK, I HAD TO ASK THEM TO CHANGE IT...
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.
I WAS THINKING I OUGHT TO KEEP IT SHORT. TOO MANY REMINDERS OF BEING WITH YOU, AND I STILL WASN'T READY FOR THAT.
BUT I NEEDN'T HAVE WORRIED, BECAUSE EVEN TRYING TO CONSOLE ME, ALL GUY TALKED ABOUT WAS HIMSELF.
BY HIMSELF I MEAN THE SAME OLD BOLLOCKS. I HAD TO ASK HIM HOW SHEILA WAS DOING--GOD FORBID HIS GIRLFRIEND SHOULD GET A LOOK IN.
(UP THE DUFF. I DO NOT WANT TO THINK ABOUT THE BASKET CASE OF A KID THOSE TWO ARE GOING TO RAISE.)
AND I MEAN COME ON, ***JOHN MAJOR...?***
THATCHER WASN'T ENOUGH? ***THREE TIMES?*** PEOPLE HAVEN'T SUFFERED ENOUGH OF THIS ***HEARTLESS CONSERVATIVE SHIT,*** SO NOW WE'VE GOT TO HAVE THE WICKED WITCH'S HALFWIT APPRENTICE?
AND PEOPLE SAY WE HADN'T THE RIGHT CANDIDATE, THEY SAY THEY WENT OUT AND STOOD ON THE DOORSTEPS AND TALKED TO VOTERS, BUT I ***KNOW*** THE PROBLEM GOES DEEPER THAN THAT...

AND IT'S VERY SIMPLE: THE WORKING CLASS PEOPLE OF THIS COUNTRY CANNOT BE CONVINCED TO STOP *VOTING-AGAINST-THEIR-OWN-INTERESTS...*
THEY, THEY BUY INTO THIS *ILLUSION* THAT THEY CAN MAKE IT BIG--THIS NONSENSE PROPAGATED BY THE TORIES, THAT *ANYONE* CAN BETTER THEMSELVES IF THEY PLAY THEIR CARDS RIGHT...
THEY TURN THEIR BACK ON *SOCIETY,* ON ANY NOTION OF COMPASSION OR COOPERATION--THEY RUN WILLINGLY LIKE LAMBS TO THE SLAUGHTER, TO A GLORIOUS GOLDEN FUTURE THAT JUST *ISN'T THERE...!*
AND THEY CAN'T SEE. IT'S RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEM BUT THEY *CAN'T SEE.*
GUY.
AND WE'RE *ALL* GOING TO PAY THE PRICE...
GUY.
OH GOD, I'M SORRY, I SHOULDN'T BE TALKING ABOUT--
YOU EVER THINK THEY JUST DON'T WANT ANY OTHER CUNT GETTIN' WHAT'S THEIRS?
WHAT?
YOU WERE ALWAYS LIKE THIS, MATE. AN' IN TWENTY OR THIRTY YEARS YOU'LL HAVE ANOTHER FUCKIN' POLITICAL DISASTER, AN' YOU'LL BE SITTIN' HERE SAYIN' EXACTLY THE SAME THING.
BLOKES LIKE YOU GO ON ABOUT... WORKIN' CLASS PEOPLE. YOU AIN'T ONE O' THEM, BUT YOU TALK LIKE YOU UNDERSTAND THEM. YOU SAY THEY'RE LIKE SHEEP.
WC

THAT'S THE LINE, INNIT? WE'RE LIKE SHEEP, 'COS WE'RE SO EASILY LED. THAT'S WHY WE GO FOR THIS SHIT.
BUT DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU THAT WE AIN'T?
SOMEONE PUTS SOMETHIN' ON THE TABLE AN' WE GO FOR IT, AN' WE DON'T GIVE A BOLLOCKS ABOUT ANYONE LEFT BEHIND. WE'RE SO FUCKIN' THICK WE DON'T EVEN KNOW THAT'S WHAT WE'RE DOIN'.
WELL WHAT IF WE DO KNOW, WOULD THAT SOUND LIKE A FUCKIN' SHEEP TO YOU?
WHAT IF WE AIN'T SHEEP?
WHAT IF WE'RE WOLVES?
THIS WAS IN THE DAYS I COULD SORT OF FEEL SOMETHING HAPPENING TO ME. SLOWLY, LIKE.
I KNEW WHAT IT WAS, SO I NEVER DID NOTHING TO STOP IT.
THIS...
THIS IS THE BILLY BUTCHER I NEVER KNEW, ISN'T IT?
YOU'RE A SMART LAD, GUY.
YOU'D'VE TWIGGED SOONER OR LATER.


THE WORST THING I EVER DONE WAS TAKE THE STUFF YOU SAID TO ME AND USE IT TO MAKE MYSELF WORSE.

7: FRIDAY


BEFORE YOU I WAS JUST AN ANIMAL.
WITH YOU I MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORTH TALKING ABOUT.
BUT AFTERWARDS I WAS SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN.
ALL THE AGGRO, JUST WANTING TO DO SOME BASTARD IN--THAT CAME BACK. BUT LIKE I SAY, NOT LIKE BEFORE.
MORE PATIENT. MORE WATCHING AND WAITING. THINKING.
I TOOK A FEW BITS OF WHAT YOU WANTED ME TO BE AND CHUCKED THE REST AWAY.
LEAVE IT, BILLY-- THAT'S WHAT YOU WOULD SAY.
COME ON, IT ISN'T WORTH IT.
WELL, THERE IS SOMETHING THAT'S WORTH IT, LOVE.
IT'LL BE A LONG OLD ROAD TO GET ME THERE. AND TO GET ME ON IT I HAVE TO GET YOU OUT OF MY HEAD, AND TO DO THAT I HAVE TO DO THIS THING I HAVEN'T WORKED OUT. AND SO ON.

BUT TO USE WHAT YOU TRIED TO DO LIKE I HAVE--THAT SAYS ALL THERE IS TO SAY ABOUT ME.

ALL RIGHT, MATE?
NAAAH--!
DUDE, YOU SCARED THE SHIT OUT ME, I THOUGHT YOU'D BE HERE ALREADY...!
I WAS.
WHAT'RE YOU WORRIED ABOUT, ANYWAY, YOU CAN PUNCH THROUGH HALF AN INCH OF SHEET STEEL...
I DUNNO, IT'S JUST--STAY OUT OF THE PARK AFTER DARK, YOU KNOW? IT KIND OF PUTS YOU ON EDGE.
YEAH, SOME DIRTY LITTLE SOD MIGHT TRY TO SUCK YER MIGHTY HAMMER.
SO WHAT'S OCCURIN'?
UH, WELL, NOT MUCH. I MEAN I'M KEEPING AN EAR TO THE GROUND LIKE YOU SAID, BUT THERE HASN'T BEEN SHIT ABOUT THE SKORCHERS SINCE THE LAST TIME WE TALKED.
OH, ONE THING THAT WAS KIND OF A BUMMER: SKANDIA DIED.
YEAH?
YEAH, SHE OD'D ON PAINKILLERS IN THE I.C.U., THEY RECKON SHE OVERDID IT WITH THE MORPHINE DRIP. THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT PUTTING HER UP FOR THAT RESURRECTION THING, BUT I'M GUESSING YOU KNOW HOW THAT GOES.
MM.
MAN, IT'S JUST TOO BAD. SHE WAS A FUCKING *WILDCAT* IN THE SACK, YOU KNOW?
AW, THAT IS A SHAME.

SHE'S THE ONLY ONE SURVIVED THAT CARRY-ON THE OTHER DAY, AIN'T SHE?
UH, YEAH...
APART FROM YERSELF, THAT IS.
YOU AIN'T SAID NOTHIN' ABOUT THAT TO NO ONE, HAVE YOU? OR ABOUT ME OR ANY O' THE STUFF WE BEEN TALKIN' ABOUT?
SHIT, *NO*, DUDE...!
COME ON, YOU KNOW ME BETTER THAN THAT BY NOW! I'M NOT ABOUT TO GET *STUPID*, YEAH...?
FAIR ENOUGH.
WE WERE JUST WONDERIN' IF IT MIGHT BE TIME FOR YOU TO FALL IN BATTLE, THAT'S ALL.
HUH?
NOTHIN'.
HERE, LOOK AT THAT.
WHAT, THE...?
PICK IT UP.
WHY?
JUST PICK IT UP.
GO ON.

IT'S JUST NO' FAIR.
WHAT ISN'T?
WHAT HAPPENED TO HER. OR ANY O' THE REST OF IT.
I MEAN THE WAY HE WRITES ABOUT HER... AN' WE'RE NO' TALKIN' ABOUT ONE O' THE ROMANTIC POETS HERE, YOU KEN? BUT SHE JUST COMES OFF AS THIS AMAZIN' WOMAN...
IT'S NO' FAIR THAT SOMEONE LIKE THAT GETS FORGOTTEN.
YOU WANT THERE TO BE SOME OTHER WORLD OR WHATEVER, WHERE THE TWO O' THEM GOT TO BE TOGETHER AN' NONE O' THIS AWFUL SHITE EVER HAPPENED...
WELL, THERE ISN'T.
ANYMORE THAN HE'S BEATING THE SHIT OUT OF THE DEVIL, OR IT ALL ENDED IN GLEAMING ANGELIC LIGHT WITH HER WELCOMING HIM TO ETERNAL PEACE. OR SOME OTHER CRAP OUT OF A MOVIE.
THAT WOULD BE AFTER YOU KILLED HIM, HUGHIE.

I KEN THAT.
THERE'S JUST WHAT THERE IS AND WHAT WE'VE GOT.
AYE.
BUT HE'S TALKIN' ABOUT DOIN' THIS AWFUL THING TO GET RID OF HER, SO HE CAN...BUT...
I KNEW HIM, ANNIE. I REMEMBER HOW HE TALKED ABOUT HER.
GOD, IT'S LIKE I CAN HEAR HIM *NOW...*
HE TOLD ME WHAT HAPPENED, BUT--BUT HE COULDN'T HELP HIMSELF. JUST FOR A SECOND.
"HE SAID--I LOVED MY WIFE, HUGHIE. BECKY, HER NAME WAS.
"AN' THEN-- IT WAS LIKE HE WAS GROPIN' FOR THE WORDS--
"SHE MADE YOU BELIEVE IN THINGS."

AN' THE NEXT SECOND HE WAS BACK TO NORMAL.
AN' THEN ON TOWARDS THE END-- IT WAS WHEN WE WERE OUTSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE AN' AW' THE BASTARDS WERE DEAD, AN' I SAW HIM ACTUALLY START TO--
OKAY, HANG ON.
BEFORE WE GO TOO FAR DOWN MEMORY LANE: WHAT'S YOUR POINT?
WELL-- *SOMETHIN'* MADE HIM DO IT, YOU KEN? HE HAD HIS BIG BLOODY GENOCIDAL MASTER PLAN, BUT SOMETHIN' MADE HIM BUILD IN A SORT O' FAILSAFE TO STOP IT.
THE FAILSAFE BEING YOU.
HE TALKED ABOUT HAVIN' A WEE BROTHER, 'CAUSE IT WAS HIS OWN BROTHER STOPPED HIM WRECKIN' THINGS WHEN THEY WERE KIDS. BUT WHY WOULD HE EVEN *WANT* TO STOP HIMSELF?
I FEEL LIKE FOLK SHOULD BE SHOUTIN' HER NAME FROM THE ROOFTOPS, I MEAN SHE DOESN'T DESERVE TO BE LOST TO HISTORY! THINK ABOUT IT!
REALLY THINK ABOUT IT, SHE DESERVES *SO MUCH BETTER--*
OH, JESUS CHRIST--!
EH?
THERE'S NO *WHAT BECKY DESERVES,* ANYMORE THAN THERE'S *WHAT BECKY WOULD HAVE WANTED...!*
WHAT BECKY *DESERVED,* HUGHIE, WAS NOT TO BE RAPED BY THAT FUCKING MONSTER IN THE FIRST PLACE! NOT TO BE KILLED BY ITS DISGUSTING SPAWN, SO SHE COULD LIVE OUT HER LIFE WITH THE MAN SHE LOVED!

IF YOU START TALKING ABOUT DOING ANYTHING IN HER NAME OR WHATEVER, HOW ARE YOU ANY DIFFERENT TO HIM?
HE *KNEW* SHE WOULDN'T HAVE WANTED THE STUFF HE WENT ON TO DO-- RIGHT?
AYE... BUT...
I MEAN AS A WOMAN, DON'T YOU THINK--
OH, NO-NO-NO-NO-NO...!
I'M NOT GOING TO INVOKE FIFTY-ONE PERCENT OF THE SPECIES AND THEIR *MANY AND VARIED* OPINIONS TO ADD WEIGHT TO WHAT I'M SAYING-- SO THERE'S NO WAY *YOU ARE,* BUSTER...
UM... AYE.
SORRY.
I SHOULD THINK SO TOO.
BESIDES, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SCOURGE OF ALL THINGS WOKE?
AH, I DON'T ACTUALLY RECALL EXPRESSIN' MY THOUGHTS ON THAT PARTICULAR TOPIC AROUND YOU...
BOBBI RATTED YOU OUT.

FUCKER.
WOMEN, EH?
DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU SAID HE ASKED YOU, RIGHT AT THE VERY END?
UH...
IS THERE ANYTHING YOU WOULDN'T DO FOR BLONDIE?
OH... AYE...!
I'M EASY, HUGHIE. YOU DON'T HAVE TO FIGHT FOR ME, OR KILL FOR ME, OR GO ON GRAND QUESTS IN MY NAME.
JUST BE WITH ME.
FINISH WHAT WE TALKED ABOUT, AND COME ON HOME SO WE CAN DO THE HAPPY EVER AFTER.

...POINT IS THAT WE **DON'T** HAVE TO FOLLOW THE NORMAL SUPERHUMAN DEVELOPMENT MODEL, WHICH IS REALLY JUST THE SAME SIX OR SEVEN INDIVIDUALS WITH THEIR COSTUMES COLORED IN DIFFERENTLY EACH TIME-- AD INFINITUM...
WE CAN TAKE IDEAS FROM WHEREVER WE LIKE.
WE CAN GET CREATIVE, WE CAN HAVE **FUN**...
WHO SHOT THIS?
ONE OF THE LEGEND'S CONTACTS OVER AT VICTORY.
SHOULDN'T EVEN HAVE BEEN AT THE PRESENTATION, BUT APPARENTLY HE JUST WANDERED IN.
IF WE WANT TO USE IDEAS FROM POPULAR CULTURE, IF WE FEEL LIKE EXPLOITING SOME OF THE NOTIONS WE'VE POPULARIZED AT MEDIACORP, WE **CAN:** THE SKY IS QUITE LITERALLY THE LIMIT HERE...
LET'S BE HONEST, SHALL WE? WHEN IT COMES TO SUPERHEROES, PEOPLE LAP THIS SHIT UP. I KNOW IT, YOU KNOW IT, WE ALL DO.
THEY ARE GOING TO TAKE ANYTHING WE PUT IN FRONT OF THEM...
HE SOUNDS LIKE HE'S HAD A COUPLE O' DRINKS.
HE'S SPEAKING AT AN OFFICIAL VOUGHT-AMERICAN FUNCTION.
THAT'S WHAT MATTERS.

TELLIN' THE TRUTH TO ALL THE WRONG PEOPLE, YOU MEAN.
WELL, DESCRIBING SUPES AS SHIT, THAT MEANS NOTHING TO YOU AND ME.
BUT SOME OF THESE PEOPLE ARE BELIEVERS.
THE KID WHO FILMED THAT, HE PROBABLY ONLY BROUGHT THE CAMCORDER BECAUSE HE HEARD THAT REACHER DICK WOULD BE M.C.. HE GOT A LOT MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.
YOU CAN BET THAT TAPE SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE, AND NOT JUST AROUND VICTORY COMICS. EVEN CORPORATE OFFICERS CAN GET SENTIMENTAL ABOUT PRODUCT.
THE IDEA OF RUBBING THE PUBLIC'S COLLECTIVE FACE IN THE BANALITY OF THAT PRODUCT...THAT MIGHT BE SEEN AS SAILING TOO CLOSE TO THE WIND.
IF YOU'RE GONNA SELL PEOPLE A LOADA BOLLOCKS, IT HELPS IF YOU DON'T CALL IT THAT.
MM.
PISSED ON HIS CHIPS WITH JUST ABOUT EVERYONE, AIN'T HE?
THE RANK AND FILE WITH THIS-- THE BOARD WITH GRAND SAVANNA. YES.
SO WHERE DOES THIS LEAVE US?

BAXTER-PUGH STARTED OUT IN MEDIA, WHICH AT THE LEVEL HE REACHED REQUIRES OVERWHELMING CONFIDENCE.
IF HE'S RASH ENOUGH TO MAKE A SPEECH LIKE THAT ONE, WELL, THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE HE WON'T BE EXPECTING THE CONSEQUENCES.
THAT WHAT LANGLEY THINK, IS IT?
THEY USUALLY LEAVE US TO GET ON WITH IT.
I TOLD YOU I WAS GOING TO TALK TO THEM...
WHICH THEY WILL HERE.
THIS IS SORTA LIKE THE ARABS AN' THE ISRAELIS TO THEM, INNIT? SO LONG AS IT JUST PLODS ALONG AN' NO ONE EVER WINS.
YES, I SUPPOSE IT IS.
THE PHRASE I'VE HEARD USED IS, AH...*A LOW INTENSITY ENGAGEMENT WITH ONGOING BUT MINIMAL LIKELIHOOD OF BLOWBACK...*
OH, WELL AS LONG AS YOU'VE GOT A *NAME* FOR IT, EH?
'COS THEN YOU CAN PRETEND YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT. AN' THEN YOU CAN DO SOMETHIN'.
EVEN IF IT'S THE WRONG THING, 'COS REALLY YOU KNOW FUCK ALL.

WELL, YOU AND I ARE PLAYING A LONGER GAME THAN THAT, AREN'T WE?
IF YOU WANT FRENCHIE TO HANDLE THIS ONE...
YEAH.
NAH, I'LL DO IT.
THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE SOME SORT OF CELEBRATION GOING ON. I DOUBT YOU'LL HAVE MUCH TROUBLE GETTING TO THEM.
I DOUBT I WILL.
YOU MENTION TO THEM OLD MATES O' YOURS WE AIN'T HERE TO CLEAN UP VOUGHT'S SHIT?
I DID.
AND?
THEY ACKNOWLEDGED THE POINT.
YOU DO KNOW OUR SURVEILLANCE PROTOCOLS ARE IN PLACE FOR A REASON, DON'T YOU?
REGARDING THE USE OF EQUIPMENT. MAINTAINING THE LOGS ON SAME.
WHAT HAVE YOU.
WE'LL DROP YOU OFF AT HOME, MATE.
LET ME KNOW HOW YOU GET ON.

452
HOTEL
I DON'T EVEN HAVE THE WORDS.

NO BIG SURPRISE THERE, I KNOW. WRITING'S BEYOND A BERK LIKE ME, THERE'S ALL SORTS OF TRICKS TO IT I JUST CAN'T GET MY HEAD ROUND.
BUT EVEN IF I WAS GOOD AT IT, I DON'T THINK THE WORDS FOR YOU EXIST.
I STOOD THERE AFTER I DONE WHAT I DONE AND THOUGHT--TOO LATE NOW, ANYWAY.
1413
IT'S OVER AND DONE WITH.
SHE'S GONE.
WHAT? WHAT'S--
THE FOOD.
IT'S IN THE FOOD, DON'T ANYONE TOUCH--

WHAT IN GOD'S NAME DID YOU DO...?
WE HAD A GREAT CONVERSATION ABOUT BOUNDARIES.
WHY, WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE?
THERE WAS THIS BRILLIANT GIRL COME OUT OF NOWHERE AND PICKED ME.
I TRIED AND I TRIED, BUT I DON'T HAVE THE WORDS FOR THAT, BECKY.
BECAUSE AT THE END OF THE DAY I'M JUST SOME FUCKING CUNT.

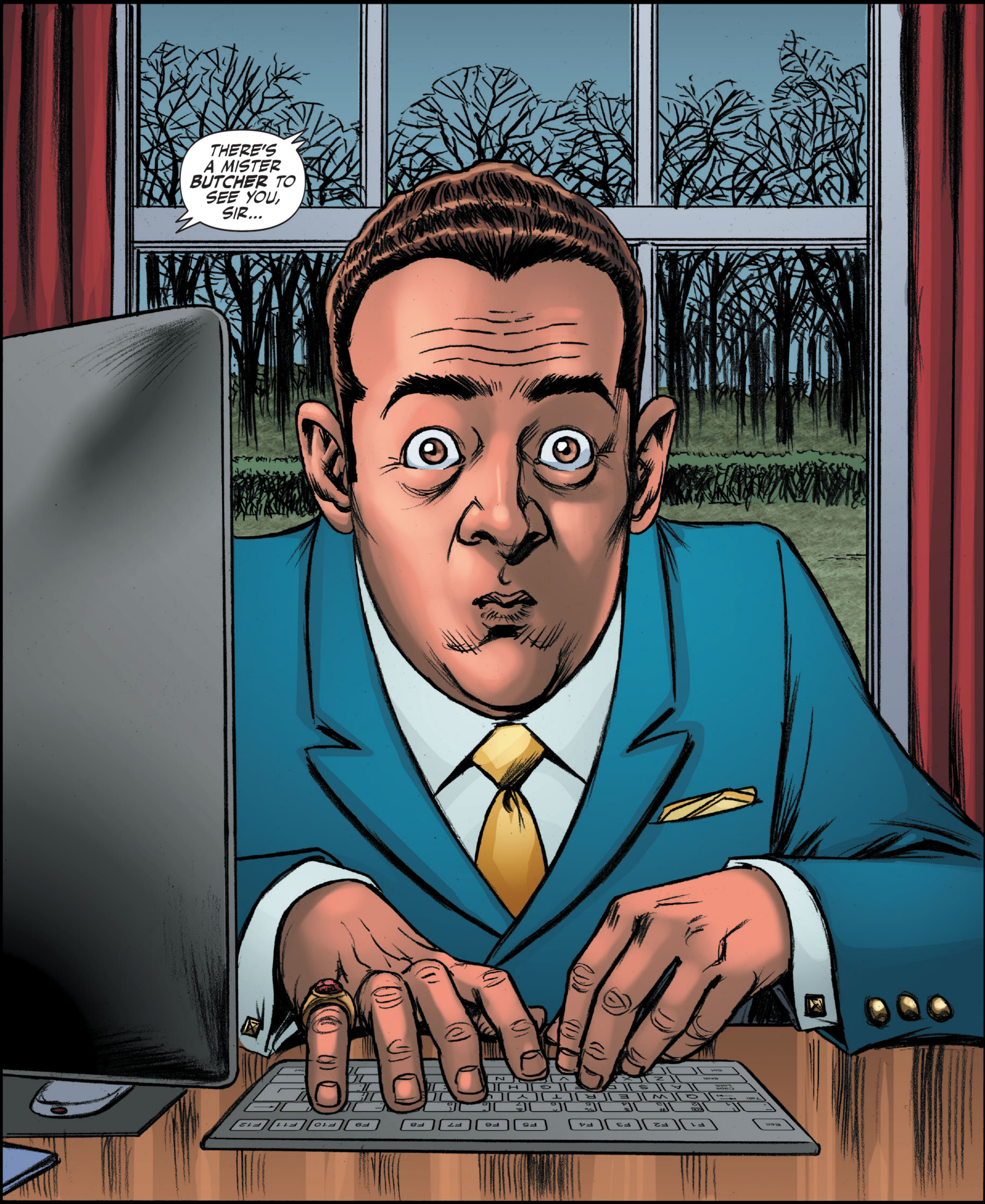
ALL I CAN SAY IS GOODBYE, LOVE.
BILLY
THE END

ISSUE EIGHT | COVER BY DARICK ROBERTSON

The BOYS
DA RI CK 2020

WHAT'S THIS?
PINEAPPLE?
NO, IT'S A *BASIC ECONOMIC UNIT...*
I'VE TOLD YOU AND I'VE TOLD YOU, AGAIN AND AGAIN...
I JUST GOT HERE--
IT'S NOT WHAT IT *IS,* IT'S A QUESTION OF ITS *INTRINSIC VALUE...!*
AND IT'S A GOOD PRODUCT. AND THAT'S IMPORTANT. BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T HAVE A GOOD PRODUCT YOU CAN'T CORNER THE MARKET. AND I KNOW.
BECAUSE I ONCE TRIED IT WITH A BAD PRODUCT. A VERY BAD PRODUCT. AND THERE WERE PROBLEMS.
YOU FOUND HIM.

I KEN YOU SAID HE'D GONE A WEE BIT FUNNY...
WE JUST LET HIM GET ON WITH IT.
NEVER BOTHERS ANYONE. PAYS HIS RENT ON TIME.
MONEY NO OBJECT. GOOD PRODUCT. GOOD PRODUCT.
SO HE-- HE RUNS THIS PLACE?
HE COULDN'T RUN A LEMONADE STAND. JUST WANDERS AROUND QUOTING MILTON FRIEDMAN.
BUT MILTON. MILTON. HE DIDN'T HAVE TO FACE WHAT I DID.
AND I FACED IT. WHEN IT FLEW RIGHT UP TO MY OFFICE WINDOW. I LOOKED IT RIGHT IN THE EYE.
ALSO A LOT OF OTHER STUFF WE DON'T... REALLY...
LOOK, I'VE HAD A BIT O' BOTHER RECENTLY, AN' IT'S JUST POSSIBLE HE'S BEHIND IT: SO THERE'S NO WAY HE COULD BE *FAKIN'* ALL THIS, IS THERE?
IF HE IS, HE'S BEEN DOING IT EVERY DAY SINCE HE GOT HERE. ALMOST TEN YEARS AGO NOW.
AYE.
AND I HAD A PLAN. A PLAN IN PLACE. BUT IT ALL FELL APART WHEN IT TURNED OUT I HAD A BAD PRODUCT.
RIGHT.
SO NO' HIM, THEN.
WHAT WE WANT TO DO IS START FROM SCRATCH, BUT WITH THE ***BASIC ECONOMIC UNIT...***


THERE'S A MISTER BUTCHER TO SEE YOU, SIR...

EPILOGUE

JANUARY

CAN'T BE
CAN'T BE
SIR?
ENGLISH ACCENT? TALKS LIKE MICHAEL CAINE?
UH, WELL, HE DEFINITELY HAS AN *ACCENT*...
ORWIGHT, CAHNT?
...OH, YOU MOTHERFUCKER.
KESSLER
ONSULTING LLC.
YOU LITTLE PRICK, YOU WORTHLESS LUMP OF SCOTTISH SHIT, YOU *COCKSUCKER*...
AW, C'MON, MONKEY...!

HA FUCKING HA.
AYE, WELL NOW YOU KEN HOW I FELT WHEN THAT BLOODY THING TURNED UP IN THE POST.
SO: IT WASN'T HIM. WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE US?
HHHH.
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THIS SINCE YOU FIRST GOT IN TOUCH. IT CAN'T BE A SUPE.
BECAUSE?
THEY'RE ALL SO FUCKING STUPID.
YOU LOOK AT THE SURVIVORS, IT'S JUST ALL THE REALLY SHITTY ONES. IF YOU USE THE OLD JUNKIE ROCK STAR ANALOGY, EVERYONE ELSE DIED AND IT'S JUST THE DRUMMERS AND BASSISTS LEFT.
NO' THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE THE IDEAS...
YOU'VE ELIMINATED THE UNLIKELY. TO MY MIND, THAT NARROWS IT DOWN TO TWO.
BEFORE I GO ON TO THE OBVIOUS, IS THERE ANY CHANCE--NO MATTER HOW REMOTE--THAT *MALLORY* MIGHT STILL BE ALIVE?
UH... CONSIDERIN' WHO DID THE JOB, I'M SURPRISED YOU EVEN HAVE TO ASK...
I KNOW, I KNOW. IT'S JUST THESE SNEAKY OLD SPOOKS AND THEIR MULTIPLE GODDAMNED IDENTITIES.
AND--I DON'T KNOW, THIS IS JUST THE DEEPEST, DARKEST, THROUGH-THE-LOOKING-GLASS SHIT THE AGENCY *EVER* GOT INTO...
WHERE WOULD SOMETHIN' LIKE THE DIARY'VE COME FROM, ANYWAY?

HE...TOLD YOU WHERE TO FIND THE SLUTTY CUNT TAPE, RIGHT?
NO, HE FEDEXED IT THE DAY BEFORE THE EMPIRE STATE. I GOT IT LATER ON AT THE POTAMUS ADDRESS.
WELL, ANYTHING FROM HIS ACTUAL RESIDENCE--SUCH AS IT WAS--WOULD HAVE BEEN SEIZED, INVENTORIED AND STORED.
I KEPT AN EYE OUT FOR ANYTHING LIKE THAT, RIGHT UP TO MY LAST DAY AT LANGLEY--
IMMEDIATELY PRIOR TO THE TWENTY-FOUR KARAT GOLDEN PARACHUTE...
A MAN OF MY TASTES KNOWS THE VALUE OF A GOOD INSURANCE POLICY.
THERE WAS NOTHING. SOMEONE ELSE OBVIOUSLY GOT TO IT FIRST.
OFF TO BOSTON, THEN.
YOU REALIZE IF THIS GETS OUT, IT COULD RUIN EVERYTHING?
THAT'S WHY I CAME TO YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE. THAT AN' I KNEW YOU'D NEVER'VE HAD THE BOLLOCKS TO DO IT YOURSELF.
I DON'T JUST MEAN MY LIFE. I'M DEADLY SERIOUS, CAMPBELL.
IF PEOPLE KNEW THE C.I.A. RAN A TEAM THAT TARGETED SUPES FROM THE BEGINNING, THEY COULD EASILY BE MADE TO LOOK LIKE THE VICTIMS. THE COUP IN OH-EIGHT LIKE SOME PATRIOTIC FIRST STRIKE AGAINST THE SWAMP.
IF YOU CAN FIT IT IN A TWEET, THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO'LL BELIEVE IT...
NO FUCKIN' WAY...!
WHICH PLANET HAVE YOU BEEN ON FOR THE PAST FOUR FUCKING YEARS?

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO GET TRIGGERED.
AYE, WELL JOB BLOODY DONE...
THEN YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO FREAK OUT AS PUBLICLY AS POSSIBLE. PURGE YOURSELF, THE WAY YOU PEOPLE LIKE TO DO, VOMIT EVERYTHING OUT NO MATTER HOW STUPID AND SELFISH YOU SOUND.
WHAT IS IT YOU LIKE TO CALL EACH OTHER...?
SNOWFLAKES.
I DIDN'T SAY YOU COULD SIT.
FUCK OFF.

THAT HELP WI' THE NERVES, DOES IT?
SUCK MY DICK.
SO WHERE DID I GO WRONG?
I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU THE LOVE OF A GOOD WOMAN KEPT ME STRAIGHT, BUT...THERE'S NO WAY ANYONE IN THEIR RIGHT *MIND* WOULD PUT IT ALL OUT THERE.
THE STUFF WE DID, THE THINGS THAT WERE GOIN' ON, COME ON...!
ALTHOUGH OBVIOUSLY SOMEONE NO' IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD BE FINE WI' IT. DID YOU THINK YOU COULD SPIN SOME SORT O' COMEBACK OUT O' THIS?
ONE WOMAN, CAUGHT AT THE CENTER OF THE MAELSTROM. STRUGGLING TO HOLD THE LINE AS PRIVILEGED, ENTITLED MEN RUN OUT OF CONTROL.
THERE ARE STILL PEOPLE WHO ARE INTERESTED IN ME.
SUSAN RAYNER IS A WHORE
"THAT GOODBYE KISS OF HIS MESSED THINGS UP FOR ME, YES. BUT YOU AND KESSLER FACILITATED IT, WHICH IS JUST MORE PATRIARCHAL CONSPIRACY.
"PLAY THAT ONE JUST RIGHT, AND--WELL, STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED."

I THINK THE LINE O' SHITE YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR IS *TAKIN' CONTROL O' YOUR OWN STORY.* JESUS, WHY DON'T YOU JUST CHUCK IN A METOO WHILE YOU'RE AT IT...?
I COULD, CONSIDERING WHAT THE ENTIRE WORLD HEARD ON THAT TAPE.
EVERYONE ELSE IS GETTING THEIR TURN.
MONICA FUCKING LEWINSKY GOT HERS.
WHERE'S MINE?
I'M SERIOUS. I PUT MY GODDAMNED TIME IN, I SPENT A QUARTER OF A CENTURY, I WAS SUPPOSED TO GO *ALL THE WAY...*
AYE, I KEN HOW YOU PEOPLE DO THINGS, BUT-- I MEAN--
D'YOU NO' UNDERSTAND YOU'RE PLAYIN' WI' FIRE, HERE...?
THERE'S STILL SUPES OUT THERE. THERE'S PLENTY O' COMPOUND V AN' ALL.
WE DO NOT NEED THOSE FUCKIN' WALKIN' NUCLEAR ERECTIONS GETTIN' A CHANCE AT REDEMPTION-- WE DON'T NEED FOLK THINKIN' THEY CAN PROFIT OFF THEM AGAIN, OR USE THEM AS A DISTRACTION...
I MEAN CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT THAT BAM IN THE OVAL OFFICE WOULD DO WI' SUPES? *LOOK AT THE MAN IN THE SKY WHILE I...* I DON'T FUCKIN' KNOW WHAT!
WHY JUST HIM?

...FUCK ME.
YOU WOULD SERIOUSLY--
ONCE I GOT THERE?
THERE ARE STRANGE NOTIONS ABROAD IN THE LAND. AND UNKNOWN GOLD TO BE MINED FROM THEM.
AS FOR GETTING THERE, I SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO OBLIQUE.
I DON'T NEED SOME MAN-BOY STILL TRAUMATIZED FROM HIS TIME AT THE CENTER OF IT ALL--ANYMORE THAN I NEED THAT *FUCKER'S* LOVE LETTER TO A CORPSE. I COME CLEAN ABOUT WHAT I KNOW?
OH, I'LL BE *LOTS OF PEOPLE'S* HERO...
AYE.
I'M GUESSIN' IT'LL NO' BE THE D.N.C. THIS TIME ROUND.
YOU MIGHT BE SURPRISED.

OH, WHAT'S THIS NOW, ME LOSING MY SHIT WHEN HE CAME IN MY HAIR?
JUST LISTEN.
...IS BOXCAR RED ONE, A REMINDER, WE ARE STILL ORBITING FIFTEEN KLICKS SOUTH WEST OF TANGO PINPOINT, OVER...
Dewar's
EST'D 1846
AH, UNDERSTOOD, RED ONE. STILL WAITING ON--
STRIKE THAT, RED ONE. STAND BY.
WHO IS THIS?
THIS IS BOXCAR RED ONE, WHO IS **THIS?**
YOU REQUESTED CLARIFICATION?
REQUESTED--? LADY, OUR SEAL F.A.C. IS TELLING US OUR TANGO PINPOINT IS A CIVILIAN TARGET, IT IS A VILLAGE FULL OF WOMEN AND KIDS...
NOW, WE ARE ALREADY TWENTY KLICKS INSIDE AFGHANISTAN SO I SAY AGAIN: **WHO IS THIS?**

FOR THE RECORD, THIS IS ALL THE AUTHORITY YOU'LL EVER NEED.
COMPLETE YOUR MISSION.
THE PLANE THEY PATCHED YOU THROUGH TO, EVERY TRANSMISSION GETS RECORDED ON THOSE THINGS.
AND YOU CAN WIPE THEM, BUT SOMEBODY SOMEWHERE DECIDED TO--
I GET THE IDEA.
HE TOLD YOU ABOUT THAT?
JESUS FUCK.
HE DID, AYE. IT WAS MONKEY FOUND IT.
THAT IT SHOULD ALL COME DOWN TO KESSLER. AND YOU.
AND *HIM*.
THERE'S THE FLIGHT LOGS, TOO. WHICH I WAS A WEE BIT SURPRISED BY.
AN' THE REPORTS YOU FILED BACK IN THE EIGHTIES, WHEN YOU WERE IN THERE MAKIN' THE CONTACTS YOU HAD BOMBED FLAT LATER ON.
ADD IT ALL UP... I DOUBT YOU'LL BE MININ' MUCH GOLD OUT OF ANY O' THAT.

YOU DO KNOW WHAT HE *WAS,* DON'T YOU?
I PROBABLY THINK ABOUT IT EVERY DAY O' MY LIFE.
HE TOLD ME WE DESERVED EACH OTHER.
YOU REMEMBER THAT, WHEN YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT HIM DRENCHING HIMSELF IN GORE TO KILL HER MEMORY.
YOU JUST REMEMBER WHO HE ENDED UP WITH.
YOU READ IT, THEN?
OF COURSE I FUCKING READ IT--!
WELL.
HE TRIED TO KILL HER, AYE.
BUT AT THE END O' THE DAY, THERE WERE THINGS HE JUST COULDN'T DO.

DID ANYONE DECENT EVER LOVE YOU, MADAM DIRECTOR?

IT'S AWFULLY GOOD O' YOU LETTIN' US DO THIS HERE, REVEREND DANDY...
AW, THAT'S AW'RIGHT, HUGHIE.
I MEAN I KEN YOU AN' ANNIE ARE A PAIR O' BLOODY HEATHENS, BUT I ONLY BELIEVE THIS SHITE WHEN I'M NO' SANE ANYWAY--WHICH IS BARELY SIXTY-FIVE PERCENT O' THE TIME.
GRAND.
WE'D'VE DONE IT DOWN AT THE REGISTRAR'S OFFICE, BUT MRS. MACKEY SAYS THE CLUDGIES ARE ALL BACKED UP...
HAPPY TO BE OF SERVICE.
THINKS! OR AM I?
COULD I BE PLAYIN' THIS POMPOUS PAGAN LIKE A FISH, GETTIN' READY TO REEL HIM IN ON MY ROD OF RIGHTEOUSNESS...?

FIND OOT NEXT WEEK, IN THE LATEST EXCITIN' ISSUE OF THE FUCKO! SEE SAMSON'S SOCKETS--THE LEPER FROM LIME STREET--THE JERICHO JOCKS AN' THE BABBLIN' GEORDIE WANKERS!
HE GETS WORSE ALL THE TIME...
AW, YOU MIGHT BE SURPRISED.
GOT THE RING?
OH, BOLLOCKS...!
BOBBI, DON'T BE A PRICK--!
EH, READERS?!
KIDDIN'.
HA BLOODY HA, I THINK I JUST SHAT MYSELF LAUGHIN'!
I TELL YE WHAT, I'M A WEE BIT SURPRISED YE MADE IT HOME AT ALL.
WHAT, WI' THIS LOCKDOWN THING? I KEN WHAT YOU MEAN, LOGAN WAS NEARLY DESERTED AN' GLASGOW LOOKED LIKE THEY WERE ABOUT TO TURN THE TERMINAL INTO A HAZMAT ZONE.
I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT I THINK THIS MIGHT BE VERY FUCKIN' REAL AFTER ALL.
BLOODY HELL. LAST FLIGHT OOT, EH?
HEY, GOOD JOB WE'RE HEADIN' INTO THE WHOLE THING WI' THE STUPIDEST CUNTS IN THE ENTIRE WORLD RUNNIN' THE SHOW.

TWO MINUTE WARNIN', MRS. MACKEY!
HMMPH!
SO...NO' ASKIN' FOR DETAILS, INTERNATIONAL MAN O' MYSTERY, BUT DID YE GET EVERYTHIN' SORTED OOT THAT YE WANTED TO?
OH AYE, WORLD SAVED.
SO YE'LL NO' BE GOIN' OFF AGAIN ANY TIME SOON?
WELL, THAT DEPENDS ON ANNIE.
BUT THAT WAS THE REAL POINT OF IT, BOBBI. THE WORLD'S THE WORLD; ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS MAKE SURE ME AN' HER COULD BE HAPPY.
THAT'S WHERE I NEARLY FUCKED THINGS UP. ALL IT TOOK WAS A WEE WHIFF O' THE OLD SHITE, AN' I WAS RIGHT BACK TO CRAWLIN' AROUND IN THE DARK AN' KEEPIN' SECRETS.
AN'...A FELLA ***TOLD ME*** THIS ONCE, HE COULD NOT'VE BEEN ANY FUCKIN' CLEARER...
"MEN WITHOUT WOMEN, IT'S NO' A GOOD IDEA."

WELL, I'LL BE ALL RIGHT, THEN.
I'M BOTH.
AYE?
AYE, RIGHT ENOUGH.
TIME?
ABOOT A MINUTE.
FUCK, HERE YE GO.
FOLLOW YE TO THE END O' THE GLEN, WEE MAN.
CHRIST, MATE...!
C'MON, YE'LL FUCKIN' SET ME OFF TOO, YE CUNT.
ANYWAY, YE'RE HOLDIN' ONTO THE WRONG LASSIE.

HI.
...JINGS.

Dear Becky

You were with him all the way.

GARTH ENNIS

Garth Ennis has been writing comics since 1989. Credits include *Preacher*, *Hitman*, *Crossed*, *Rover Red Charlie*, *Code Pru*, *Caliban*, *War Stories*, *A Walk Through Hell* and *Sara*, and successful runs on *The Punisher* and *Fury* for Marvel Comics. Originally from Northern Ireland, Ennis now resides in New York City with his wife, Ruth.

DARICK ROBERTSON

Darick Robertson is an American comic book artist, writer and creator with a decades long career in the industry. Born and raised in the Northern California Bay Area and self trained as an artist, his notable works include co-creating the award winning *Transmetropolitan*, *The Boys*, *Happy!*, and most recently, Oliver, with Gary Whitta for Image Comics, debuting in January 2019. Darick has illustrated for both Marvel and DC Comics on characters including Batman, The Justice League, Wolverine, The Punisher, and Spider-man.

RUSS BRAUN

New York native Russ Braun has been drawing comics for twenty-five years, with time out for a seven year stint at Disney Feature Animation. Mostly working for DC/Vertigo on everything from *Batman: Venom* to *Jack of Fables*, he also worked on *Hellstorm: Son of Satan* for Marvel Max, *Jimmy's Bastards* for Aftershock, *The Boys*, and three series of *Battlefields* with Garth Ennis for Dynamite.

TONY AVIÑA

Tony Aviña got his start as an in-house colorist at WIldstorm. His credits include *Sleeper*, *Stormwatch: Team Achilles*, *Authority: Prime*, *Battlefields*, *The Boys*, *Sherlock Holmes*, *Green Lantern*, *Justice League*, *Batman '66*, *Wonder Woman '77*, and *Suicide Squad: Hell to Pay*. He currently lives in St. Louis, which, contrary to popular belief, isn't one big farm (it's actually three or four moderately sized farms).

SIMON BOWLAND

Simon Bowland has been lettering comics since 2004, and in that time has worked for all of the mainstream publishers. Born and bred in the UK, Simon still lives there today alongside his wife, Pippa and Jess, their tabby cat.

Graphic Novel/Superhero

Suggested for Mature Readers

"There was this brilliant girl come out of nowhere and picked me."

Who was she?

Her name was Becky, and she gave Billy Butcher his only chance at a decent life. When that life was snatched away, his rage blazed bright enough to burn the world. But who was she?

Twelve years after the events of *The Boys*, lone survivor Hughie is living quietly in his native Scotland, inventing reasons not to marry Annie January. But the sudden appearance of a certain document leaves him reeling- and sends him back into the violent past of Butcher, M.M., Frenchie and the Female. There was one story Hughie never knew about The Boys. Now, whether he likes it or not, he's going to find out everything.

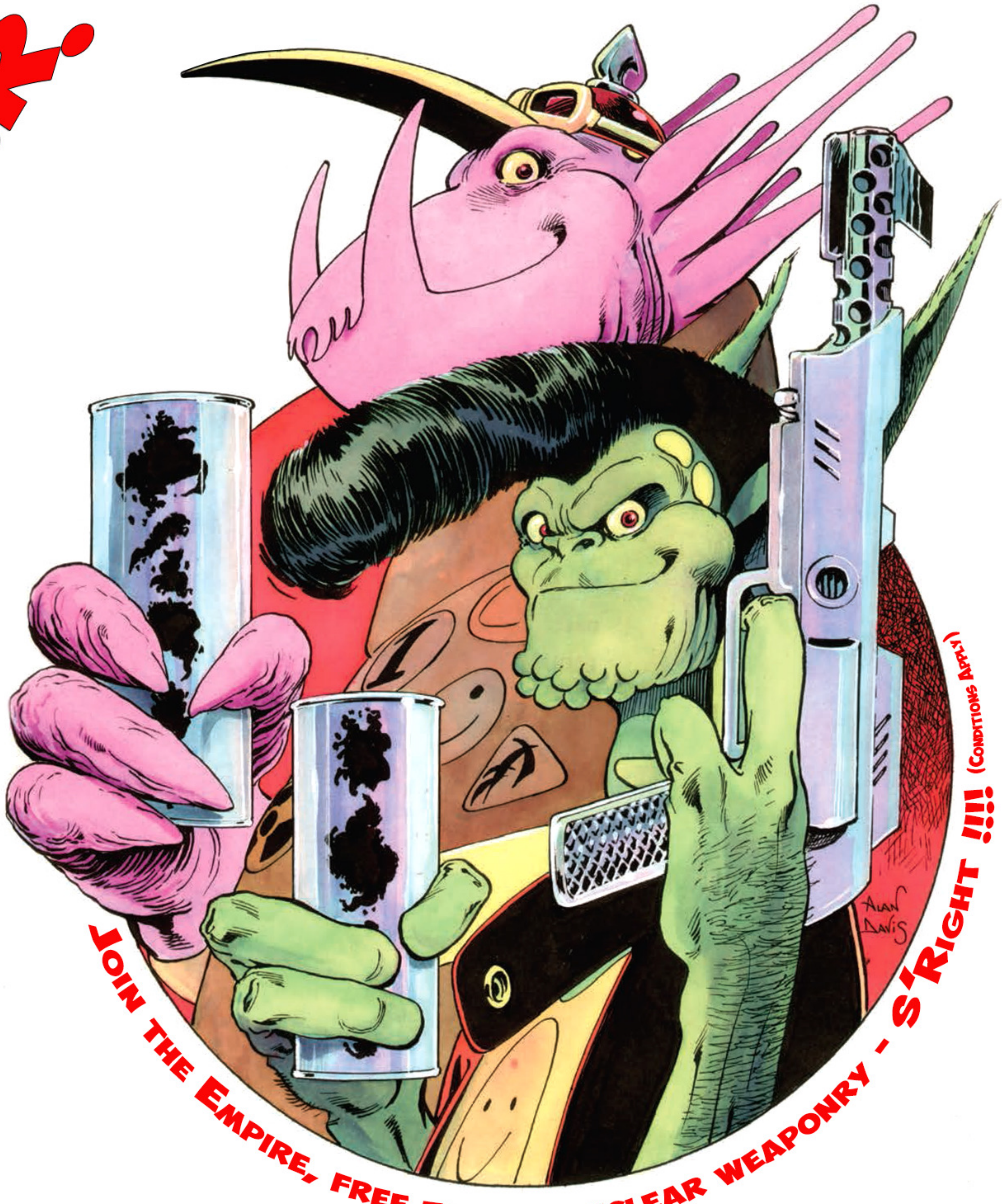
Collecting issues 1-8 of *Dear Becky*, by Garth Ennis & Russ Braun, with covers by Darick Robertson.

"It's a comic book capable of delivering both hilarious ultraviolence and a sincere reflection on the cost of committing violence, a contradiction in tone and style that enhances both parts in surprising ways."
-COMICBOOK.COM

The BOYS
DA
DA

DYNAMITE®

D.R. & QUINCH


ALAN DAVIS
JOIN THE EMPIRE, FREE THERMONUCLEAR WEAPONRY - S'RIGHT !!!! (CONDITIONS APPLY)

K6 EMPIRE NW